

THE
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POLITICAL REGENERATION.

THE present aspect of the times, though dark and gloomy, in itself considered, is not without cheering promise to the enlightened patriot. The bow of hope may tinge with radiant colours the blackest cloud, and even, when it precedes the sunset and the deepest night, augurs a bright morning. That our national distress seems, now, in some measure, relieved, does not, indeed, warrant the assurance that no greater calamities will befall us; that from henceforth our country will pursue a steady course toward her former prosperous condition; but we cannot doubt that, though hours of gloom may intervene, the dawn of our political regeneration is at hand. Changes, which prognosticate a wide-spread reformation in public opinion, have already taken place, surprising the most sanguine friends of good order and enlightened government; these need not be enumerated. It is our purpose to notice some of the present indications of that entire renovation of which these changes are but the commencement; which threatens with total overthrow the powers that now administer our national affairs, and promises relief, not only from the actual pressure of existing embarrassments, but also from that reign of folly and wickedness which has upheld the manifold abuses and high-handed usurpations, so long a part of the settled policy of our government.

We have reached that point of national existence when a much longer toleration of misrule, with its numerous political and social evils, is impossible. Either revolution—a revolution

of violence, and perhaps of blood—or renovation, must soon change the aspect of affairs. Let us then examine what reasons we may have for anticipating the latter, and then seek to determine the principles according to which such a renovation must proceed, in order, lastly, to discover the means proper to be employed in hastening its approach and assisting its advances.

Renovation or Revolution! One of them is certainly before us, for deliverance or destruction; and, as it seems to us, at no great distance. A government, so rapidly grown corrupt, must soon fall or undergo reform. What, then, is to save it from impending ruin? It is an easily demonstrated proposition, that our country, from the nature of its institutions, is liable to no species of revolution, but that arising from disunion of the States. Any great and long-continued concentration of power in the general government seems impossible. The sword committed to the hands of our Executive can never hew down our liberties, so wide is the country's extent, so different the feelings and prejudices which prevail in its different sections, and so completely do the States hold in their own hands the means of self-defence. The influence of money, collected as a national revenue, and distributed to purchase the venal suffrages of the mob, though it has already been productive of deep-seated corruption, must, so far as available for purposes of usurpation, be short-lived. Services obtained by bribes always fail with an exhausted treasury. Where the original fund of wealth is sufficient to consummate the scheme of ambition, an usurper may triumph; but a fund which depends on bribery for its supply, is like a machine set in motion, and then left to create, as well as transmit, the motive power; the force of which, accumulated in fly-wheels, may prolong the action for a time, but is continually decreasing under numerous resistances.

How, then, are the other American republics kept in such continual commotion, frequently even by the ambitious aspirations of individuals? Their case is widely different from our's. Their revolutions are brought about by the agitation of elements not yet settled since their first disturbance. Civil war, in those countries, has never been long enough suspended for the sword to lose its mastery. And, besides, the character of our Southern neighbours is exactly suited to perpetuate an inheritance of alternate misrule and anarchy. In morals, they are sunk far below us; and either the apathy of slaves, or the licentious violence of banditti prevails in every class of their communities. Those lands are hot-beds for disorder and revolution: our's, the field where republican principles and institutions may be fairly tested—may confer their peculiar blessings, or prove their insufficiency for human government.

But, how many tocsin notes of alarm sound in our ears, warning us of the danger of disunion ! Some, who lay claim to great political sagacity, have echoed the fancied knell of our country's glory, and have wrought up their convictions to such a fearful certainty of the disaster, as even to excite a morbid longing for the verification of their prophecy. To us, however, the signs of the times seem to indicate that we are now farther from the verge of the precipice than, not long since, we had imagined ; perhaps farther than we really have been in days past ; though, indeed, our proximity can never be calculated, until the fatal plunge shall be made, and amid the ruins of the crash we call to mind our gradual or sudden course to destruction.

Strange as the opinion may appear to some, who have settled down into fixed modes of feeling and thinking on this subject, we believe that the changes which have taken place in the constitution of the federal judiciary, are among the most threatening symptoms of instability in our government. We shall not here institute any comparison between the talents or legal attainments of those who have lately been promoted to the bench of the Supreme Court, and of their predecessors : we shall not stay to inquire whether Chief Justice Taney is equal or superior to a Jay, an Ellsworth, or a Marshall, in strength of intellect, reach of comprehension, or the other numerous qualifications of a sound lawyer and accomplished statesman : with the principles, only, of these men shall we at present join issue. And their principles we seek for, not in the flippant, ultra-radical tirades of those friends of the administration, who exult in the complete revolution which the judiciary has undergone, and the prospect that a new system of jurisprudence will be established on the ruins of long-settled doctrines, and a train of consistent and profound decisions ; but in the published record of their own judgments. So widely have they departed from what has heretofore been called law ; such an utter disregard for the collected wisdom of the past have they exhibited, that hereafter no party who brings suit to their bar, can calculate the probability of success by any fixed principles ; but must find that the "glorious uncertainty of the law" is not a mere fiction of the vulgar fancy, at least as regards questions involving points at issue between different political parties. We need not here speak of the increased temptation which this uncertainty holds out to profligate litigants. To quote the opinions of those whom *we* have been taught to consider men of profound learning and almost oracular wisdom ; to draw from the deductions of past experience the maxim, that it is more important, to the happiness of a community, that laws should be well ascertained

and fixed, than that they should be exactly equitable, would only expose us to the scorn and ridicule of our modern legal theorists. Neither would the objection that the Supreme Court, in leaving settled principles, and depending on private ideas of justice, is exercising a legislative as well as a judicial power, have any weight in their estimation ; since they have grown so familiar with infringements by one branch of the government upon the rights and duties of another, as to have become long ago open apologists for these *abuses*, as we are accustomed to consider them. And, moreover, our object is merely to point out a particular evil—the danger of disunion—incurred by the ascendancy of such principles as now predominate in our Supreme Court.

The reader will remember, that one of the most important functions of this Court is, to decide controversies between States. Such a judicial power must be lodged somewhere, or each member of the Union must resort to arms for the redress of real or imagined grievances. History gives us many warnings on this subject. Before Maximilian established an Imperial Chamber to determine all disputes among the different members of the Germanic body, incessant wars distracted the whole empire ; this institution, however, soon appeased disorders, and restored universal tranquillity. But, in order that decrees of the Supreme Court should command the obedience of States possessing many of the attributes of sovereignty and the means of powerful resistance to the execution of its process, there should be a general confidence in its independence and competency ; above all, in its freedom from improper bias, as regards questions of party politics. Now, to us it is plain, that uniformity in the decisions of a court is absolutely necessary to the existence of confidence in the justice of its decrees. And the spectacle of a tribunal completely revolutionized by a party, and composed of party leaders, must, at once, arouse invincible prejudices—prejudices, in the present case, strengthened by an instant change of doctrine, and a new course of adjudication. We have already had an example of a State's nullifying a decree of the Supreme Court ; but, in general, its mandates have been obeyed with due deference. It is very easy to see how much the Union would be endangered if the power of this tribunal should frequently be set at nought.

But still, we do not apprehend any near danger of disunion from this source. A sudden and general convulsion produced by a judicial decision can happen only when a large number of the States shall be joined in litigating points of general concern, or shall be deeply interested, either politically or from sympathy, in the issue of some cause. And we do not know of

any such important question likely to come before the court. The grievances of individual States, touching matters of local interest, only, must accumulate, for a long time, before the disaffection can become so general as to produce division or a resort to violence. And, notwithstanding the permanent nature of this court, we hope for its regeneration, before an evil, increasing so gradually, shall have reached its height.

The History of the present Congress has greatly allayed our fears of disunion from any of the political questions which now agitate the country. The annexation of Texas and the abolition of slavery, two subjects, in the very names of which some persons imagine that they see a threatening omen of the instability of our government, seem to us stripped, in a great measure, by recent events, of the terrors which once enveloped them. The late movements of the Southern members of Congress have shown the weakness of the nullification party, and proved that a warm patriotism, and a strong uncompromising hostility to disunion, actuate a great majority of the delegates from slaveholding States : that few of them are prepared even to anticipate the crisis which shall warrant a separation of elements cemented together by the mingled blood of our fathers of both North and South. Strange that any, calling themselves patriots, should think of bartering their country's glory for a mess of pottage ! That, for every real or imaginary infringement of their rights, they should, as a first remedy, threaten to overturn institutions, to the establishment of which were dedicated the *lives*, the *fortunes*, and the *sacred honour*, of those whom we all profess to revere and emulate ! Our fathers suffered long, and even humbled themselves at the footstool of tyranny, to obtain redress, before they appealed to the God of battles for the decision of their controversy. Are, then, the feuds of brothers so implacable that the demon of civil war must be instantly invoked as arbiter ?

And the recent transactions of which we speak have shown, not only the weakness of the nullification party in general, but also, in particular, the utter prostration of their hitherto redoubtable leader, both in character and influence. He who, above all others, has gloried in the appellation of a nullifier ; whose every action speaks of a desire to rive asunder the North and South ; who has openly avowed that his patriotism is contracted by the limits of a single State ; that he has no political principles which do not bend to the exigencies of time and chance ; that he will even uphold abuses in the general government, which promise to be subservient to his schemes ; in short, that he hesitates not to "do evil that good may come"—what he calls good—his *summum bonum*—he has struck a sui-

cidal blow at his own honour and influence, which can scarcely survive the wound, though, indeed, death—political destruction—may linger for a time. Is it possible that Mr. Calhoun should ever regain that ascendancy which he has lost ; that he should ever rise to be a leader of a great party—to the place for which his undoubted talents qualify him ? Will any one say that he *now* takes the lead in supporting the measures of the administration ; that he is, in fact, at the head of those who have welcomed his apostacy ? Ah ! there the measures which he advocates support *him*, and for a while may bolster up a sinking reputation. The party estimate aright his capacity, and are willing to be followers in the direction which their settled policy has marked out ; but will they continue in his train when he leaves the object of general pursuit to press forward toward the accomplishment of his own scheme ? If not, how is he a leader, any more than the sagacious hound which the huntsman follows so long as it keeps a certain track, but pronounces to be at fault when it ceases for a moment to pursue the fated stag ? Mr. Calhoun has lately tested the disposition of the majority, with which he acts, to rank themselves under his banner, and submit at discretion to his command, by his recently offered resolutions, denouncing the “ interference ” of the North with the institutions and plans of the South. In the hour of trial his party was found wanting ; as a servant it valued him, but could not brook his mastery.

We are among those who regret, deeply, that the House of Representatives should have sanctioned any infringement of that right of petitioning Congress guaranteed by the Constitution. In the result of this measure we see nothing but evil—unmixed evil. The North will not submit calmly to such an attack upon its rights : it will not be crippled thereby in a single joint or sinew : only will fiercer passions be aroused ; and the South will find the abolition party, in appearance at least, augmented by multitudes rising up in defence of their chartered privileges, who doubtless will be ranked with that party, though very far from advocating its peculiar doctrines. These doctrines we abhor ; but had rather struggle, shoulder to shoulder with the abolitionist, in defending the Constitution, and bear, with him, the bitterest reproaches of the South, than surrender our dearest rights proving recreant to the plainest republican principles. No one can be more thoroughly persuaded of the madness of those who advocate an instantaneous emancipation of our negro slaves than are we ; but we are equally persuaded that a greater madness has characterized many of the Southern opponents of abolition, and has given to the latter all its real strength.

We do not, however, anticipate any dire results from this infringement of the right of petition. Did any such follow the passage of a resolution similar to Mr. Patton's, offered by Mr. Pinkney, at the last session of the twenty-fourth Congress? Doubtless the right, thus invaded, will be asserted with energy; and increased opposition to it will serve only to increase the number of petitions poured in from all parts of the country, and to call forth, in more frequent bursts, the fiery eloquence of their unflinching supporter, Mr. Adams. But this subject will soon be forgotten, in the agitation of another which must excite still deeper feelings—the Texas question. Of the result of that question we can but express our own anticipations, and shall do this in as few words as possible. If Texas be admitted to the Union, the South must be satisfied: its fear of the abolitionists must be at once quieted. And all opposition from this quarter being at an end, the fate of northern agitators will be sealed. If, on the other hand, admission be refused to Texas, our danger, certainly, will be greater; but we cannot think that such a decision, supported, as it doubtless will be, by a majority of its advocates, on Constitutional grounds, and not from any hostility to Southern institutions, can furnish a pretext to the avowed enemies of the Union, much less a conscientious reason to its friends for its dissolution.

It seems to us much more probable that our policy in regard to Texas, joined to other international difficulties, will bring upon us a foreign war, than that it will produce internal division. And a war drawing into action all our energies, though it must be a source of so great human misery that no philanthropist could hail its approach, would undoubtedly tend to consolidate the Union, and this in a variety of ways. It would at least create a national debt; and all our experience, since we have been out of debt, proves that this new burden would be a blessing. It is impossible to graduate the public revenue so precisely that it shall just equal the public wants; in times of peace the former must usually exceed the latter; but a surplus furnishes only another subject for exciting discussion in the Legislature, and another means of a corrupting influence to be wielded by the executive.

To sum up our conclusions, we believe that existing evils, which have arisen from the usurpation and abuses of the general government, will effect their own cure; and that we are not in much danger of disunion from any cause which now appears to be in active operation. If then we may confidently expect a complete political regeneration, it is important to inquire what will be its nature; according to what principles it will proceed, and what may be done to hasten its arrival.

May we expect a *moral* renovation, over the whole land, to be brought about by the universal spread of knowledge and religion—the only possible instruments of such a change? This we do not anticipate: it must be the work of ages, if effected at all by human agency. We anticipate a reformation more speedy than that which shall bless the whole earth, coming in with millennial glory. Is the nation so radically corrupt as to make its moral cleansing an essential preliminary to a political amelioration? Is there not, already, enough virtue and knowledge in the community to support our free institutions? The supposed republican principles which have admitted the outcasts and off-scouring of all other nations to fellowship in our rights and blessings, more beautiful in theory than beneficial in practice, have, indeed, opened numerous floodgates of pollution; but the waters of our noble estuary have not been much darkened by the muddy streams which replenish it. As there are depths in ocean which swallow up all impurities cast upon its bosom, while the clear, sparkling wave still rolls above, undefiled, so there are recesses in our soil which drain off the foul elements poured over it—the filth of human degradation mingling with its kindred earth, but the nobler parts of man's nature rising free from their sensual clogs. There is yet a moral strength among us sufficient to throw off a much greater load than that under which the nation now labours; it is necessary only that our energies should be called into action, and properly applied, in order that we should regain all that has been lost.

There is, indeed, a tendency to moral reform in the result of that process by which power changes hands, passing from one party to another, where the change is not brought about by physical force. An "opposition" generally increases in patriotism and public virtue, while an administration party tends toward corruption. The reason of this is evident. Power is the only agent of corruption: with political ascendancy is acquired the chief means of bad influence; and those exposed to the temptations of success and office must be virtuous indeed to preserve their integrity. Many, whose characters have before been immaculate, yield at once with scarce a struggle: very few come forth from the ordeal, on whom the "smell of fire has not passed." On the other hand, even the vilest politician, when he ranks among the opponents of government, frequently becomes, not from principle but from habit, a patriot. He is no longer exposed to the same perverting influence as when serving a dominant party; and now, with an ever-watchful eye, he scans the course of the administration, detecting every blunder and every fault in office-holders. His continual clamor against evil-doers must, at length, have some reacting influence upon

his own life, though it does not affect his heart. Not solicited by bribes himself, and feeling a thorough hatred toward those who are, or are supposed to be, thus solicited, he begins to hate bribery in the abstract. And he, whose heart has failed him only in the hour of sternest trial, conscience struggling even to the end, and reason offering no excuse to palliate the transgression—such an one, relieved from the pressure of outward circumstances, may regain the height from which he has backslidden indeed, though with his eyes still fixed upon it—not turned toward the pit of degradation below.

But will there be any moral reformation, in the aggregate, when, as one party becomes more virtuous, the other sinks into corruption? Certainly not, if the progress of each is equally rapid. But will it be so? Supposing the two parties equally correct in their principles, and, in virtue and intelligence alike respectable, will the downward course of those in power be as speedy as the elevation of their opponents? We think not. From the latter, the temptations, with the power of place and office, are suddenly removed; and instantly, with the force of opposition, must commence the progress of improvement. The former still retain, in their high estate, much of the sterner virtue which the contest has engendered; and, moreover, enter upon office pledged to the support of certain principles, which they are accustomed to regard as sacred. They do not immediately discover the happy artifices, by which perversions of power may be reconciled, in the eyes of the party, with their original professions. The vigilance of their opponents, too, reforming in some measure, as we have already shown, those by whom it is exercised, always acts as a curb upon the administration; which does not learn at once the various shifts and expedients by which the keenest watch is sometimes eluded.

But, in supposing the two parties to be of equal respectability, we have reasoned on a hypothesis that seems to us contrary to the facts of the present case. During all the political contests that have agitated us under the past and existing administrations, we have never been satisfied that the victorious party has had even the advantage of numbers, if the forces of each had been fairly polled; and have never for a moment doubted that a vast preponderance of virtue and intelligence has been on the side of the Whigs. Of course, no one can doubt that good principles, founded on good morals and political integrity, are preservatives against degeneracy. In the contrary to these we see the cause of the present administration's rapid progress in corruption.

The fact, if it be one, that the Whig is greatly superior to the Van Buren party in point of morality and intelligence,

is important to our present purpose. Of its being a fact we desire no clearer evidence than we have long had before our eyes. Compare the Whig delegation in Congress with their opponents ; how honorable to the former is this test of character. You have the veteran statesman, bowing under the honors which have been lavished by friends and extorted from enemies, contrasted with the mushroom politician of a day's growth, crowned, perhaps, with laurels, but laurels fresh-plucked—the reward of party services. Names that from childhood we have heard spoken only with respect and admiration, are opposed to those which have but now commenced to echo in our ears, borne with the vaunting clamors of confederates and dependants. This is the contrast, not in each individual case, but in the balancing of the whole account. Indeed, some of the administration party are not backward to acknowledge the truth of our statement : or at least, with a leading Van Buren member of the late Pennsylvania Convention, to contend that this disparity is no evidence of the incapacity of those who appear to suffer by comparison ; that of late years political science has been so simplified and cleared of its rubbish, that the youngest politician, the schoolboy that rants of liberty and the blessings of our free institutions—may understand the theory of good government as thoroughly as the oldest, most accomplished statesman.

We need not appeal to other scenes as testifying the relative characters of the two parties. It is impossible to give demonstrative proof of our proposition ; it must therefore rest chiefly on the convictions of personal experience ; while even demonstration would not satisfy those whose interest it is to believe the contrary. And, moreover, we are writing, just now, only for Whigs, and must continue to take for granted many things, of which, we are confident, few of *them* entertain serious doubt.

Passing events seem to be effecting three species of change upon the political elements of our country. The Opposition, properly so called, is becoming consolidated ; multitudes of those hitherto indifferent spectators, or neutrals, appear to be joining our ranks, waking from their lethargy, or forgetful of petty prejudices and minor differences of opinion ; while we are daily reinforced by deserters from the administration party. Here are the principles of the political renovation which we anticipate. The opponents of government are, generally, much more divided among themselves than its supporters. Having all the passions and prejudices which tend to faction, and wanting that tie which binds together the adherents of power, they usually pursue divers interests, follow various leaders, but join in a common cause, only under apprehension of general dan-

ger. The coalition of these scattered bands is always a harbinger of good for the party thus formed, and the prelude to a violent struggle between the great contending forces. Rallying about common grounds of opposition, their strength is more concentrated and their attack more impetuous. At the same time they present an appearance more imposing, and more inviting to recruits and deserters.

The tried partizans of an Opposition are chiefly held together by common principles—principles acting through the heart or by force of habit. These principles may, in many cases, be adopted from motives of private interest; or interest without principle may have settled the political course of not a few; but then a long continuance in party ranks so accustoms a man to party doctrines, that, whatever may have given the first impulse, they at length become the proximate cause of action. Those who appear indifferent to the agitations of political excitement, who disclaim all connection with party, either because they are of a quiet temperament, or waver between opposite opinions, are also mostly actuated by principle; and, more generally perhaps than the former, by principle seated in the heart. It is usually because of the errors which they detect, or think to have detected, in the doctrines of those ranged for contest on either side, or because of doubt in regard to the right side, that they keep aloof from both. Self-interest moves them very little, for it commonly prompts firm adherence to one party or the other.

The case of deserters from the administration ranks is somewhat different. Private interest is the most frequent agent in controlling their connections and moulding their doctrines. For proof of this we need only consult the general sense of mankind, exhibited in a universal abhorrence of apostacy. Every one feels such a dislike to an open change of party, that he shrinks from it as from dishonour: his sober reason, if unassisted by interest, commonly yields to a dread of shame, and he cannot desert the banner of his host, though his service may become less efficient. When any person is marked out as an apostate, the finger of scorn is pointed at him, and our opinion of his subserviency to sordid motives is at once made up; while we respect, even in an opponent, a consistent adherence to his once avowed principles; until we have conclusive proof that the one is actuated by sincere convictions, and that the other holds out by reason of obstinacy or corruption of heart. If, then, our estimate of the moral and intellectual character of the administration party be correct, we might confidently have anticipated great defection from its ranks at a time like the present, when private interests have become so generally and

deeply connected with political movements. This result has, indeed, become already apparent.

What change is necessary in order to give the Whigs a triumphant ascendancy? As already remarked, we have never yet been able to satisfy ourselves that they have really been of late in the minority. But, at least, we feel confident that, being firmly united, each one forgetting slight differences of opinion, but keeping ever in mind the grand principles which characterize the party; and being joined by those throughout the country, who, though nearer allied to them than to their opponents, in sentiment and feeling, have long been vacillating from side to side, or, disliking political contests, can be drawn out to take a part in them only by some great emergency—that, being thus reinforced and consolidated, they would stand forth, the democracy of numbers as well as the aristocracy of virtue and intelligence.

The foregoing considerations seem to point out the means which may properly be employed to ensure and hasten the success of the Whig party—a success with which, as we believe, the country's prosperity is identified. A primary object should be to bind together the discordant elements, of which it, in common with all oppositions, is composed. Next in importance is the recruiting service, by which our ranks are to be reinforced from those who keep aloof, wavering, or proclaiming neutrality. Both these require nearly the same means—the clear, forcible, manly exhibition of right principles. The country's distress and danger, and the high-handed usurpations of its rulers, should be presented, in their dark colours, to arouse from apathy and quicken in action; but not as affecting private interests; only to illustrate the principles which should be made the rallying point. A multitude might be quite conscious of their wrongs, and yet the knowledge avail nothing, unless they be agreed upon a plan of resistance and reparation. All minor grounds of dispute should be left entirely out of view. We do not advocate a sacrifice of truth, or of conscience, in the smallest particular; but those who have a common country to protect—its defence requiring all their energies—certainly should not waste and divide their strength by private bickerings. None should “do evil, that good may come;” but surely a lesser good may be neglected for a greater.

The increase of the Whig party will in itself produce a defection in the Administration ranks. All those whose policy it is to keep on the strong side, and who are constantly watching the ebbs and flows in the tide of fortune, to take advantage of every change, would come over in a body on discovering our rise, at the very juncture when their aid would put us in the ascen-

dant. But our opponents may be weakened by more direct means—appeals to private interest. It were a hopeless task, in most cases, to proselyte by mere doctrinal discussion, as all reason and experience plainly teach. Principles may, indeed, be set forth for this purpose, but will be powerless unless exhibited in their bearing on individual profit and loss. Though important to unite those who hold them in common, they are in themselves nearly useless, as a motive to the disaffected.

But, low as we have estimated the character of the opposite party, does it not contain many who are sincere and disinterested in adhering to its doctrines and measures? Yes, a great many; but very few of them can we hope to gain over: they will be the last to desert their side. Almost every cause, however bad, finds such supporters; and they are the only real dupes. Self-interest cannot make them swerve from their allegiance; and an unwillingness to think themselves deceived—a dread of the scorn which apostacy provokes, prevent the unbiased exercise of sober judgment. For such, the best that we can hope is, that their struggling convictions of right may produce a growing distaste for politics; that at length they may retire altogether from the scene of conflict, until the elements of party shall have so entirely changed place or name, that they may take the right side without hazarding a character for consistency.

Supposing that the political regeneration which we have contemplated should be effected, have we any ground of hope that its result will be permanent or long-continued? Republics are more exposed to revolution than monarchies. It is not probable that we shall be exempt from the operation of common laws. But there is much in the character of our people, and the nature of our institutions, to warrant the expectation that we shall pass through many changes—prosperous and adverse—without any fatal disaster. Such changes we must experience with every new generation, and political generations pass away more rapidly than natural. Much that we have said in the foregoing pages is founded on conjecture; nothing but conjecture can be offered on this latter point. The far future is inscrutable. As patriots, we must act well our parts, and the country's glory may be our bright reward; the country's shame never can be our disgrace.

February 17th, 1838.

AN OCTOGENARY,

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER III.

I SLEPT soundly through a dreamless night, and awoke about eight o'clock the next morning. I was at a loss for a minute or two to divine where on earth I might be; soon, however, the scattered images of the day and night before began to group themselves palpably and distinctly in my recollection; and I began to realize that I was actually beneath the roof I had so strongly desired to visit. I sprang out of bed, and having learned the hour from my watch, I despatched my toilet in all convenient haste. The cheerful light of the sun peeping through the oval perforations in the tops of the window-shutters informed me before I left my couch, that the complexion of the weather had changed since I had left the pelting pitiless storm roaring about the eaves and gone to the Land of Dreams. Upon opening the window-shutters in the front of the house, I saw the scene through which I had passed the night before, in the blackness of darkness, all bathed in the living light of the blessed sun. The black, bare branches of the superb elm trees, which rose high above the roof, and extended in two rows, one from each side of the house to the road-side, were dripping with rain drops glittering in the morning ray. The brook, which I could now perceive brawling along just beyond the house on the right as I stood, was hurrying away to the sea, its dancing waters crowning its brink but not overflowing it, black as ink in the shade, but of a translucent amber colour where they were kissed,

“With touch ethereal of Heaven’s fiery rod.”

On the left of the house I plainly discerned the carriage road which I had vainly sought the night before, the trees extending a canopy of boughs over it. It was separated from the lawn in front of the house by an ancient hedge of box-wood cut into the fantastic forms which were the delight of the English gardeners of the old school, and which Pope has immortalized by his

satire ; but which, nevertheless, my revered friend scrupulously preserved as a memorial of former times. The lawn was skirted on the other side by a double row of the verdant fence which guarded it on this. The lawn itself fell in a gentle slope, scarcely perceptible, to the road-side, and was now buried beneath the dishevelled tresses of the over-arching trees, ravished from them by the winds of autumn. A low wooden fence, shielded on the outer side by a thick hedge of English hawthorn, divided the lawn from the high road.

These observations were soon made while my toilet was making ; and as soon as it was finished, I hastened down to the parlour below, which had witnessed my hospitable reception. On entering the room I saw that my venerable host was beforehand with me, and that the breakfast table was awaiting my appearance. Colonel Wyborne was sitting by the fireside in his elbow chair, dressed as the evening before, with the exception that a well-powdered bag-wig had succeeded to the crown of his head in the stead of the velvet cap of yesterday. He was busily engaged in reading a large quarto, which I subsequently discovered to be the Greek Testament, and did not immediately perceive my entrance. I cheerfully bade him good morning, and desired him to observe how punctiliously I had observed his parting injunction to lie abed as long as I liked. He immediately rose from his chair, and having laid aside his book, shook my hand cordially and bidding me good morning, thanked me for having made myself at home ; and all in a manner as if I were an honored contemporary rather than a college lad, and with that sterling courtesy of address which is the exponent of true benevolence and kindness of heart ; a very different thing from the base metal which too often passes current in the world as the sterling coin, but wanting the stamp of the heart. Compliments being over, I drew a chair alongside of his, and answered the careful inquiries which he made as to my comfortable lodging the preceding night. His hospitable anxiety on this subject being relieved, a touch upon the bell-pull evoked our ministering spirits, Peter and the housekeeper, from the culinary realms, bearing in their hands the substantial and the more ethereal components of that repast which, when well administered, deserves the precedence which is conceded to it in the due order of the important events of every day. The breakfast which these worthy functionaries imposed upon the board bore no resemblance to the tea-and-toast abominations which usurp in these days that honoured name ; and to the prevalence of which I attribute much of the degeneracy which is allowed to have dwarfed the present generation. Peter marshalled the way, bearing upon a tray the massive silver coffee-

pot, fuming like a courser, and diffusing a fragrance worthy of Araby the Blest. This monarch of the breakfast-table was surrounded by a cortege of dishes temptingly concealed from view by silver covers; which, when duly set in order and revealed to sight, displayed the luscious rounds of toast saturated with the most delicious of butter, the broiled chickens, the piquant sausages, the beef-steak, worthy of the famous Club devoted to its service. Then there was the egg-boiler full of the freshest of eggs; the honey; the smoked salmon; the wheaten loaf and the rye-Indian bread; the cream of the richest, and sugar of the whitest. All these and other cates, which I do not recollect, were all, too, for my especial eating: for at the heels of Peter followed the housekeeper, with a large silver salver, adorned with rich antique chasing, upon which she bore an ample bowl of the finest China, filled with a frothing sea of chocolate and a certain number of slices of delicately-toasted wheaten bread, which was the long-established morning meal of the master of the house.

When all preliminaries had been adjusted, we commenced a well-directed and vigorously sustained attack upon the several divisions to which we were opposed, and soon effected a notable breach in the opposite ranks. My host hospitably encouraged me in my endeavours to do the amplest justice to his good cheer; and enlivened the meal with a description of the Scotch breakfasts, which had cheered his journey through the Land o' Cakes—which had not then been transformed into a Fairy land of Romance and Poetry by the magic wands of Burns and Scott, but was regarded with the kind of belittling prejudice which afterwards stamped the pages of Smollet, and coloured the mental vision of Johnson. He contrasted those justly famed repasts, which have disarmed even Calumny and Prejudice by their sterling virtues, and have surprised even the bitterest enemies into applause, with the *déjeuners à la fourchette* of France and the continent, and gave the palm to the substantial elements of the northern breakfasts over the patés, grapes, figs, and sparkling wines of the South. He had evidently given the subject the attention which its importance deserved; and I have seldom had occasion in my experience of life to doubt the soundness of his opinions on this subject or any other.

After breakfast was over, and we had chatted on various subjects for an half an hour or so, Colonel Wyborne proposed a walk over his farm, to which I readily assented. Peter being again summoned to his master's assistance, helped him to substitute a pearl-coloured broad-cloth coat, embroidered about the cuffs and skirts with silk, for his morning gown; and having invested his feet with a stout pair of square-toed high-quartered

shoes with heavy heels, he brought from the hall his gold-laced cocked hat and gold-headed cane. Thus equipped, my venerable friend took my arm, and we sallied forth from the side door opening upon the carriage way, and first took a survey of the exterior of the house. It was composed, in fact, of two houses of two different periods ; the newer, as it were, growing out of and overshadowing the more ancient. The English clergyman, of whose heirs I have before said the estate was purchased by Colonel Wyborne's mother, had found a farm-house of almost the earliest description of New England rural architecture ; its roof declining from two stories in front till it almost touched the ground behind, and a close porch projecting before, with windows on either side ; and compacted of massy timbers of oak, on which the mark of the axe was in many places to be seen, knit together with a firmness and strength which showed that our forefathers built for their posterity as well as for themselves. The wooden walls of our ancestors would, if unmolested, survive, I doubt not, in many cases, the boasted strength of the granite structures of the present day. The original purchaser liking the situation of the house, but not thinking it worthy of his pretensions, built a new edifice, two stories high, with attics ; its rear joining upon the side of the older structure, so that the original house was degraded into the servile condition of the habitation and offices of the servants. He in this way secured to himself an abode of capacious dimensions and convenient distribution, but somewhat of a heterogeneous appearance. The carriage road, in which we were walking, turned abruptly away from the house before it had reached the end of it, and swept round a circle of trees and towering plants to the stables ; which were, in the leafy time, effectually planted out of sight by the verdant screen. Immediately behind the house was a broad terrace of green sod, from which you descended, by a flight of stone steps with iron balustrades, to the garden. The transitory glories of this spot were of course vanished for this year, but the plan of the whole was plainly enough discernible. In the centre of the garden was a small fish-pond, with a neat stone curbing, which was filled with gold and silver fish. Immediately in front of the fish-pond was an ancient sun-dial standing upon a pedestal of stone—and preaching a lesson, by its silent shadow, of the irrevocable flight of the gliding hours, a thousand times more impressive than any told by

“ The iron tongue of Time.”

From the fish-pond, as the common centre, radiated eight well

gravelled walks, extending from the centre to the boundaries, and intersecting a circular gravel walk, which was described with mathematical exactness, half way from the central point to the extremities of the garden. The sixteen portions thus marked out were of exactly the same size ; and in summer, when they were filled with flowers or vegetables corresponding to each other, must have answered Pope's description of an old-fashioned garden, where

“ ——— each alley has a brother
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

The garden was surrounded by a thick English hawthorn hedge, which, by age and constant trimming, had become almost impervious to sight, even when stripped of its leaves. At the bottom of the garden a small gate admitted us into the orchard, which was of several acres in extent, and filled with apple and pear-trees of every variety of sweetness and spicy flavour which distinguishes those gentle races. Of his fruit Colonel Wyborne was proud, with good reason ; for he had done much to introduce new varieties and a better mode of cultivation than used to prevail. The orchard, and the whole domain indeed, was sheltered from the ocean blasts by a gently-swelling hill, “ feathering to the top ” with a thick grove of various trees, which had now reached their full growth ; having been planted by the first purchaser, with the exception of one magnificent aboriginal oak, which stood in the midst of the younger trees an acknowledged monarch ; and which had not yet disrobed itself of the gorgeous scarlet mantle with which autumn had invested it. Under this regal canopy there was a rustic seat, which allured us to its embraces. My aged companion seated himself upon it while I took my place beside him, and we surveyed together in silence the brown meadows, and the trees with every bough and every twig standing sharply out, with all their fantastic ramifications, in the yellow sunshine of one of the last days of the Indian summer.

“ There is something exceedingly captivating to my imagination,” my venerable friend began, after a silence of some duration, “ in the analogies between Nature and the experience of Human Life. These you will apprehend and appreciate more and more as you grow older. They are among the many benevolent contrivances of the great author of Nature and Life to make the never-dying soul contented and cheerful during its brief imprisonment in these frail bodies and this visible diurnal sphere. When I was of your age, I loved the Spring with its budding promise and tender green, for it was in unison with the

consciousness of new life and springing existence which bounded in every vein. During my residence in England, and for the first years of my life here, I left my first love for the mature beauties of Summer and of opening Autumn ; and I delighted to watch the untiring, never-resting activity and life which informed all the grand and all the minute processes of the great system of Nature ; which goes on forever in sublime silence, working out the beneficent purposes for which its Creator framed it. But now the close of Autumn and the snows of Winter awake the solemn echo in my heart more readily than all the glories of Spring or Summer. Nature, though she never rests, now seems to suspend her toils. The business of the year is over. And the audible stillness of the fields and the sight of the trees—which, after their task is done, have thrown down the beautiful livery of their toil—while they swell the heart of man with gratitude, also seem to invite it to rest.

On such a day as this, with this scene before my eyes, I can almost hear a blessed voice whispering me that my long, long year is almost over, and that I shall soon be with them that rest. Like this old tree under which we sit, I have outlived almost all my contemporaries, and am surrounded by a new generation, which knows me not ; and though I will gratefully sustain the burden of old age which the Great Taskmaster has imposed upon me, still I shall bow with joyful acquiescence whenever He shall direct the axe to be laid at my root."

"You think, then, Sir," I observed when he paused in his observations, or rather his soliloquy, for he seemed to address himself rather than me, "you think then, Sir, that the retirement of a country life is a more fitting scene for the last act of a long life, than the exciting bustle of a great city and the pleasures of a various society?"

"To a well-constituted mind," he replied, "I think it is ; that is," he continued with a smile, "to a mind constituted like mine. There are natures which would show any thing but wisdom in exchanging the busy throng and a tumultuous life for a solitude, for the pleasures of which they have no taste, and against the perils of which they have made no preparation. For my own part I have never long regretted at any one time my withdrawing from the world. I have spent my many days pleasantly to myself, and not been wholly useless to others. At the beginning of the Revolution, indeed, I felt some visitings of remorse that I had reduced myself to the condition of a spectator, at a distance only, of that mighty drama ; while so many of my contemporaries, and friends of a later generation, were shaking the scene, which was extended over a continent before the admiring eye of the whole civilized world. These regrets, howev-

er, soon gave way to more wholesome suggestions. The brilliant part of the action was in the hands of the great men whose names are forever identified with it ; but there was a subordinate but equally important portion of the business of the drama which I was in a favourable position to discharge. My relations with this part of the country enabled me to do something towards kindling and keeping alive the flame of patriotism ; and I have the satisfaction to think that I was enabled to send many of the best soldiers and officers, too, to the battle, besides keeping the country side in a state of self-defence. I could contribute, too, to one of the sinews of war. So I soon consoled myself by being useful for not being illustrious ; for ambition was but an idle dream at the time of life to which I had then attained, if it be ever any thing more than a will-o'-the-wisp. On the whole, then, I think that I chose wisely for myself in retiring from the world ; but I would never advise any person, whose heart has not been weaned from it, to imitate my example."

"But, can it be possible, Sir," I said, "that you have never felt the want of the society to which you were admitted on such friendly terms in Europe ? I should have thought, Sir, that the choicest spirits you could have collected around you in the capital of your native province would have seemed tame and insipid after the circles you had left,—let alone this seclusion in a remote country-seat."

"In the first place," he replied, "you must remember that I had had my fill of the society you mention ; I had lived on intimate and friendly terms with the men about whom posterity will be the most curious of any of our age ; so that the feverish thirst, which at one time I felt to know face to face those illustrious men, was entirely slaked. And in the second place, which perhaps you will scarcely believe, the familiar society of eminent men is in most cases not so very different from that of other well-bred and well-educated men of the same rank in life, and their intimacy is perhaps a pleasanter thing in recollection than in possession. For many years, too, I was in no lack of companions, and now in my old age I ought not to expect to be exempted from the doom of outliving my best friends, which is inseparably annexed to an unusual extension of life. Still I am by no means left alone in the world. My excellent friend, Mr. Armsby, is an invaluable friend ; although he is speculatively one of the most rigid disciples of labour, yet, in his life and conversation, he is one of the mildest as well as one of the merriest of men. But come," he continued, rising from his seat, "let us continue our walk to the sea-shore."

We accordingly skirted along the hill, and soon doubling its side, the wide ocean lay stretched before us, broken by only one

or two little islands in the far distance. The waters were of the deepest and darkest blue, with here and there a white sail stealing along their surface. The beach was hard as marble; and the surf, which yet felt the sway of the storm of the night before, rolled slowly and heavily in upon it in long and broken ridges. To our left, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, the brook which watered the grounds about the house found its way to the ocean after many meanderings; to the right, at a considerable distance, a wooded bluff came abruptly down to the shore, and terminated the prospect in that direction. As we slowly paced along the sands, listening to the voice of many waters, and watching the sea-gulls as they hovered on dipping wings over the waves, or rode lightly over their crests, Colonel Wyborne said with a smile:

"I hope that I have made a more rational as well as a more happy use of these rolling waters since I have lived by their side, than did the pining and discontented spirit of Tully during his exile; who, you remember, spent his repining hours in counting the waves as they danced to the shore, and sighing for the Senate, the Forum, and the shouts of the People—

"Bidding the Father of his country hail!"

The voice of the ocean has never sounded in my ears like an invitation to return to the world I have left, but more as a friendly counselling that there are pursuits and pleasures higher and better than any that world can give."

"Do you think, Sir," I inquired, "that you could be contented to live in an inland town, unless you could occasionally visit the sea-shore?"

"I should be sorry," he replied, "to be compelled by duty or by poverty to try the experiment. There is something about the grand features of Nature—such as the ocean or mountains—which seems to make an unfading impression on the hearts of those who have lived from childhood in their neighbourhood, and which always excites the sensation of home-sickness in their breasts when separated from them. I have a good deal of the passion for the ocean which the Swiss have for the Alps; and if I should be compelled to retire inland, I fear that the roar of the wind among the forest trees would be a *Ranz des Vâches* to my heart. I would not have you construe, however, my young friend, my complacent review of my own retirement into a recommendation to you to try the same plan of life. Fit yourself for the action of life, but do not set your heart upon success in it; for such are the chances and changes of this sublunary state, that the best ac-

complished for achieving a brilliant lot often fail in compassing the fulfilment of their ambitious hopes, unless they can woo Fortune to be the handmaid of Enterprise."

"Are not, however," I observed, "the chances of a man who is absorbed in great purposes and plans, embracing perhaps a continent in their scope and reaching forward to distant posterity, better for true and exalted happiness than those of one who leads a useful and innocent life within a narrow circle?"

"I think his chances for permanent happiness less," replied Colonel Wyborne; "his moments of success may be more exquisite than any of the tranquil hours of the private man, but then the vexations and obstacles which he encounters, the calumny and detraction which assail him, and the too frequent failure of his best-laid and most benevolently formed plans, which perhaps embrace the whole race, make up a mighty balance against the intense delight of those rare minutes. I grant you that there may be instances, as there have been a few in history, of minds so constructed, blest with such clear views of the true ends of human existence, and moved by such pure and sublime yet simple springs, that they make a happiness for themselves, even of disappointment and defeat; and regard nothing as worthy of regret but the being unfaithful to the powers and the purposes which Providence has committed to them."

"You do not believe then, Sir," said I, "that every man may be the 'architect of his own fortunes,' as has been stoutly maintained?"

"Indeed I do not," he replied; "that is a fallacy which lures on many an aspiring youth, who mistakes ambition for ability, to miserable disappointment and sometimes to ruin. We see men standing triumphantly at the goal with the wreath of victory on their brows, and remember that, even at the starting-post, their prophetic souls had grasped the prize; forgetting how many competitors, full at the outset of as confident hopes, have been outstripped in the course, and have turned broken-hearted away. Every man may be and must be the architect of his own happiness, and every man may learn the alchemy which will teach him to extract happiness out of the bitterest fruits which overhang his path; but let him not attempt to wrest the sceptre from the hand of the disposer of events, and presume to dictate to Him the precedence which he is to have in the ranks of his human servants."

"Surely, Sir," I interrupted, "you are not a Fatalist; you would not take away the accountability of man by making him a mere blind, helpless tool in the hand of a higher power!"

"Nothing can be farther from my views or my wishes," he replied. "Man is accountable to the uttermost farthing for the

use he makes of the talents bestowed upon him ; but the number of the talents, and the sphere in which they are to be employed, are fortunately appointed for him by Infinite Wisdom. We find ourselves in this world, in this country, in this age, without any agency or volition of our own ; we find within us certain powers and passions, differing in every man from his neighbour, and differing, too, in the opportunities for their improvement and the occasions for their right or wrong employment ; and all this seems to be the work of accident. But no rightly judging mind can believe it to be so. The feeling of this truth gave rise to belief in the dark and inevitable Fate, which, according to the Greeks, governed the destinies of gods and men. They attempted, by this melancholy abstraction, to solve the enigma of existence. They found themselves, they knew not how, in a various and inexplicable scene. Some found crowns on their brows, some the philosophic gown upon their shoulders ; some wielded the truncheon of victorious armies ; and some swayed the fickle populace with their breath ; and all these various fortunes growing from a combination of circumstances and events, over which they had exercised little or no control. Surrounded by these impenetrable shadows, men in a later age attempted to derive some light from the stars to illuminate the darkness which was about them ; and so Astrology arose. They made the blessed constellations an alphabet by which they endeavoured to spell out the decrees of Fate. And this was natural enough before the invention of the telescope had revealed the immensity of the universe ; for men could not believe that the glorious apparitions which looked down upon them from the heavens every night, were made only to delight the eye ; and there was something soothing to the bewildered mind of man in thus connecting his unaccountable destiny with those beautiful and fadeless orbs of light. It was a sort of antepast of immortality."

"You would then, Sir," I observed, "had you lived two thousand years ago, have stood under the shadow of the Portico, and maintained the non-existence of evil and the sufficiency of man for himself?"

"I believe I might have asserted the sufficiency of man for the creation of his own happiness," he smilingly replied ; "but I think I should have maintained my doctrines beneath the living shades of the Garden rather than under the cold shadow of the Porch. There is nothing," he continued more seriously, "that fills my whole mind with such a certainty of the Divine origin of our religion as the contemplation of its perfect system in comparison with those of the wisest of the ancients. The son of a carpenter in a remote and despised province founding a

school of the divinest philosophy, which explains all the mysteries of our being, fathoms the depths of the human soul, directs the aspirations of the loftiest minds, and provides for the wants of the humblest, is to my mind a standing miracle. All the concentrated wisdom of all the wisest of the heathens collected around the intellect of Socrates as a nucleus, faded into nothing like the morning star before the sun, when the Divine mind of Jesus of Nazareth dawned upon the benighted world. Not all the sublime procession of prophets by which he was heralded, not all the stupendous apparatus of miracles which encompassed him, not all the noble army of martyrs which have borne witness with their blood to the truths He brought to light, bring such irresistible conviction to my mind as the simple contemplation of the teachings of the master, limned out in his own life while on earth. The Peasant of Galilee resolves the doubts which had perplexed the wisest of antiquity, explains the questions which the subtlest minds had raised, and establishes a system suitable to the wants of all the nations of the earth, and to all the individuals which compose them ; a system—to which the wisest of his disciples in the course of eighteen hundred years, have been able to add nothing, and in which his craftiest enemies have been able to discover no fault. You, my dear young friend,” he continued, turning his face towards me, and laying an affectionate hand upon my arm, “you are just launching away on the voyage of life which I have nearly finished ; do not refuse to listen to the counsel of one who has sounded all its depths and shallows : take with you the teachings of Jesus as your compass, and his life as your chart ; and, fixing your eyes steadfastly on these unchanging guides, seize the helm with a firm hand, and steer right onward, fearing nothing that can befall you ; and then, whether your course be over a summer’s sea or amidst threatening waves ; whether you ride conspicuous in the eyes of your fellow-voyagers, or glide unobserved along ; you will be sure at last of entering in triumph the haven of Everlasting Rest.

“And now come,” he added after a short pause, “let us turn homeward ; and I will show you my farm-house and farm, for so far you have only seen my pleasure grounds.”

With these words he turned towards the farm road into which we had entered after leaving the grove ; and, following it along, it led us through wide fields, some of which showed as stubble-fields are apt to do at harvest home ; others bore evident marks of the recent disinterment of potatoes and other esculent roots ; at some distance was a burly white man, guiding a plough drawn by a noble yoke of oxen under the influences of a tall black man in a white frock, preparing a place for the early wheat which

would spring up at the due time, unchilled by the snows of winter which had rested upon it for months; five or six other men, some black and some white, were employed in various ways; some repairing fences, some spreading the compost of the barn-yard, and one conducting a load of sea-weed to that most necessary repository.

As we walked along I inquired of Colonel Wyborne as to the Economics of his mode of life, and how far he was dependent on the metropolis for his necessities and luxuries. In reply, he told me that he procured nothing from town but his wines, liquors, tea, and coffee, and such products as our own country does not afford. His own farm supplied him with bread, vegetables, the riches of the dairy, and in a great measure with butchers' meat and poultry. Wild fowl and fish were to be had for the trouble of shooting or catching them. His cider was the boast of the country round. His farm people and servants were almost wholly clothed from the flax and wool which grew on his estate. His wood was procured from a range of well-timbered hills, which he pointed out to me in the distance. The finest of venison was brought to his door at the proper season, in any quantities, from the Sandwich woods. His life, as he described it to me, seemed to be one of the most relishing and enviable of lots, and put me in mind of Gil Blas' account of his life at Lirias; and I thought that I should be perfectly contented if I might look forward at the close of life to such a retreat, where I might inscribe upon my doors with him of Santillane,

“*Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna, valet!*
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios!”

But, alas! no such white days were in reserve for me!

The farm road brought us, after some windings among the fields, to his farm-house, which was situated about a third of a mile from his mansion. The house was old but in perfect repair, and stood in almost too immediate neighborhood of two modern barns and an old-fashioned corn-barn. The barn-yard was alive with fowls of all kinds—chickens, turkies, ducks, guinea-fowl, and a gorgeous peacock. Beneath the barn farthest from the farm-house was the piggery, which might have served for the courtiers of Circe herself. The barns themselves were filled to the utmost of their ample capacities with the gifts of Summer and Autumn. About a dozen cows were ruminating in a large inclosure opening from the nearer barn, in which were their stalls and those of the farm horses. A flock of about thirty sheep were sheltered in a fold about a stone's throw

from the barn, towards the shore. Under a shed open towards the house was a cider press, full of rural and festive associations; the dense mass of pumice, yet remaining beneath the relaxed pressure of the spiral screw, speaking of a recent vintage. As we approached the farm-house door, it opened, and the farmer's wife advanced with a child in her arms, and a couple more clinging to her homespun gown, peeping at the Colonel with a mixture of bashfulness and of joy, at the sight of their old friend, glowing in their ruddy faces. The good woman invited us to come in and rest ourselves, which proposition we declined, as it grew late. We just entered the kitchen, and stood for a minute within the enormous jams of the chimney, on each side of which was a comfortable seat of brick, built for the accommodation of the more ardent worshippers of the Penates. A settle of truly uneasy straightness of back and narrowness of seat made an obtuse angle with the fireplace, covered with towels of various degrees of whiteness and dryness. A sufficient supply of rush-bottomed red-painted chairs, in different degrees of preservation, stood about the apartment. A brilliant display of pewter, graced a number of shelves on one side of the room. As I gave a glance up the yawning chimney, I discerned a black array of hams and flitches of bacon, receiving the incense of the smoking fires below. The good woman made many apologies for her kitchen being in a litter; resting her main defence, however, upon its being the day before Thanksgiving, and the weight of duties which devolved upon her. Colonel Wyborne was occupied, while I was making my survey and listening to the very unnecessary excuses of the good wife, in taking the youngest child in his arms, and patting the heads of the others, and distributing some of the little bribes which cheaply buy the affection of children; and which the kind-hearted old man was seldom without. I was struck with the sort of affectionate veneration with which the good woman regarded Colonel Wyborne, and with her self-respect too, which she thought in no manner impaired by the most reverential observance of her kind landlord.

Freeing himself at last from his little friends, Colonel Wyborne bade Mrs. Davis a good morning, and we set forth on our return to his house. The farm road led us on to the stables, where we stopped a moment to inspect its arrangements. The black coachman was busy cleaning the chariot; the hind wheel, slightly raised from the ground, whirling merrily round under a shower from a watering-pot in the hands of the African Jehu. This worthy functionary had all the happy contentment beaming from his polished face, and grinning from his ivory teeth, which usually mark a well-fed and well-used negro. His

master told me that he had been born on the place, and, together with all the other blacks which he had owned before the abolition of slavery in the State, had voluntarily remained in his service. He left his work to exhibit to my admiring gaze the horses over which he reigned ; and as he displayed the glossy hides of the stout coach-horses, and the little nag for " massa's" own riding, and the old white poney which had retired on half-pay for the remainder of his life, he seemed to be filled with as honest a pride as ever swelled the bosom of a master of the horse. Having bestowed all due commendations upon this branch of the service, I accompanied my host along the sweep of the road to the house.

Upon gaining the door, we were met upon the threshold by the excellent housekeeper, who announced, with an air of no small importance, that Mr. Armsby, the clergyman of the parish, was in the parlor. Colonel Wyborne immediately hastened to open the door of the apartment indicated, and we perceived, standing with his back to the fire waiting for us, the reverend gentleman in question. He was a tall man of about fifty-five, "or, by'r Lady, inclining to three score," broad-shouldered, with the least in the world of a stoop, of a dark complexion, with thick black eye-brows beetling over a pair of sharp, austere gray eyes. He was suitably attired in a black cloth coat, waistcoat, and breeches ; with a pair of thick boots coming nearly up to the knee upon his legs, and a white bushy wig upon the excrescence formed by nature for that use. Colonel Wyborne received him with all the respectful courtesy which was due from a gentleman to an honoured equal, and which the pastor returned with much formal politeness ; through which, however, might be discerned by an accurate observer, a priestly consequentiality, now, alas ! but seldom seen, which told how much superior, in his own opinion and that of society generally, was the director of the spiritual affairs over the most honourable and honoured of the laity. When the two gentlemen had concluded their salutations, Colonel Wyborne turning to me, presented me in due form to his reverend friend as a young gentleman just from the arms of their common mother. Mr. Armsby turning upon me an austere regard, without even the ghost of a smile upon his lips, and with the slightest imaginable inclination of his head, coldly extended his large hard hand to me in acknowledgment of my reverent observance and profound obeisance. Having surveyed me from head to foot with an annihilating scrutiny, which nearly sunk me to the centre, he took a chair in compliance with Colonel Wyborne's invitation, and entering into conversation with him, apparently lost all memory of so insignificant an object as myself. They talked of the weather, the

crops, the Thursday lecture the week before in Boston, which Mr. Armsby had attended, and of the fearful prospects of the times and of the country ; both uniting in predictions of utter misrule, subversion of ranks, and destruction of property which were shortly to ensue.

"Before this young man's career is over," said Colonel Wyborne, "these States will be split into rival monarchies, or else into anarchies inviting the foot of the foreign conqueror."

"Yes," asserted his reverend adviser, turning his severe eyes upon me ; "yes, young man, you will have a worse fight to maintain than we have had with England. You will have to contend with intestine factions, to strive for the protection of property, for the preservation of religion, for the maintenance of all that is worth having in this world. The old scenes of which you read at college in Grecian and Roman History will be acted over again in these new Commonwealths before your head is gray."

"For my part," added Colonel Wyborne, "I rather incline to the opinion that our unhappy country is destined to be one of the dependencies of France. In the present humiliated condition of England, bleeding from the disruption of her colonies, and tottering under the weight of an overwhelming debt, it is hardly to be supposed that Louis XVI. will not be encouraged to revive the old scheme of universal dominion which his ancestor, Louis le Grand, at one time seemed likely to bring about. England once subdued, the subjugation of the rest of the continent would soon follow ; and then poor we would be but a mouthful to the ambition of the *Grand Monarque*."

"True enough," replied Mr. Armsby ; "no human wisdom can foretell what such a nation as the French, consolidated under a single absolute king, may accomplish. I confess I tremble for the cause of Protestantism in the world ! Who knows but we may see a Cardinal Legate holding his court in Boston !" and the worthy Divine shuddered at the bare imagination. Colonel Wyborne continued :

"I think that the American Provinces, States I mean, have yet strength and courage enough to resist a crusade under banners blessed by the Pope ; unless, indeed, it should not be preached until our little jealousies and quarrels have ripened into serious hatred, and the lines of division have become too deeply marked to be filled up even by such a danger. The sooner such an attack should be made, the better I think it would be withstood ; for every day seems to weaken the green withs which bind together the strong but jarring giants of the confederacy. In a few years England herself might conquer us in detail, for all prospect of any permanent connexion seems desperate."

"It is too true," replied the clergyman; "and, bad as that would be, it would scarcely be worse than the utter dissolution of all the elements of society which seems to hang over our heads. The industry of the country palsied, the land filled with sturdy vagabonds, law and justice mocked and defied, subordination a laughing stock, religion and her ministers neglected, property uncertain, magistrates unrevered and disobeyed; with all these things staring us in the face, what can we expect but sudden destruction or gradual ruin!"

In this manner were these two excellent gentlemen pleased to make themselves unhappy, and to scare unhappy me with these hobgoblins which they conjured up. I was not then as used as I have become since to the croakings of such boding fowl; which I have happily lived to see many times disappointed of the ruin they predicted, and I felt serious alarm as to the instant safety of my purse and ultimate integrity of my throat. The conversation, however, at length changed to books, and some allusion requiring a reference to some work which was not at hand, Mr. Armsby proposed going to the library in search of it. Colonel Wyborne assenting, turned to me and said:

"I believe that you have not yet penetrated to my Adytum; so, perhaps, we will all go together."

We all accordingly left the parlor, and following Colonel Wyborne across the hall, entered after him a door on the opposite side. Upon passing the threshold, I was surprised and delighted by a display of books which I had never seen equalled except in the College library. The library consisted of a room extending the whole breadth of the house; the two rooms having been thrown into one for the accommodation of Colonel Wyborne's numerous collections. The walls were covered with well-filled shelves, tapering up from the massive folios beneath, to the pygmy twelves at the top. Busts in marble, of Homer, Socrates, Cicero, and Horace stood on pedestals in the four corners of the room; and one of Lord Bacon and of Newton kept guard in the middle, where a portion of the old partition wall yet projected from the sides of the rooms, carried into an arch in the centre of the ceiling. A study table, covered with green baize, occupied the middle of one of these divisions. An abundance of well-stuffed chairs were distributed about in excusable confusion, and a set of library steps stood against one of the book-cases. A fire-place filled up either end of the apartment, the pannel over the one nearest to the door by which we had entered being occupied by a full-length portrait of a gentleman of about five and thirty; in whose form and features I could with difficulty trace any resemblance to the venerable wreck which I beheld before me. Fifty years had swept away

almost every trace of the manly figure and handsome face, which looked as if it might defy age and misfortune, and left a "withered, weak, and gray" old man standing and waiting on the shores of eternity; and yet here the cunning hand of the artist had bade the sun as it were stand still, and had bestowed a sort of immortality upon One Hour—long since vanished—of the summer of his days. He was dressed in a hunting-suit, apparently the uniform of a hunter, and a fine hound was crouched at his feet; behind him, on the left of the picture, were two pillars, with a crimson curtain depending from their capitals, while to the right you saw a landscape representing a level country, well planted, with a river winding through it, and terminated by misty hills in the distance. The corresponding pannel over the opposite fireplace was filled by a picture answering in size and frame to this, but concealed from view by a green velvet curtain which was drawn across it. My imagination readily filled it up with the portrait of his beloved and long-lost wife, of whom my Aunt Champion had told me. Why it should be thus mysteriously veiled, I could not conjecture; but the circumstance certainly had the effect of increasing my curiosity to see it to the most intense degree.

While I was thus engaged, the two elders had found what they wanted, and were returning to the parlour. I was strongly tempted to frame some excuse for remaining behind; but a secret awe of the clerical dignitary, and a fear lest my curiosity might be obvious to Colonel Wyborne and give him pain, deterred me; but I fully resolved to uncover the features concealed by that veil at the first opportunity I could find or make. We accordingly returned to the parlour, and after a short sitting Mr. Armsby rose and took his leave; being accompanied to the hall-door by Colonel Wyborne and myself, and reminded by the former of his standing engagement to dine with him on the following day. This was the first intimation I had had of the existence of such a prescription; and, lover as I even then was of old customs, I confess that in this instance I should have been better pleased with its breach than its observance. I did not at all relish the idea of having this uncomfortable third, with his stony step and hard eye, coming to the table and displacing our mirth with his unseasonable severity. Colonel Wyborne, however, assured me that I should find him another man when we were a little better acquainted, saying that his excellent friend was one of that old school, which held that religion and virtue were most effectually recommended to the young by a harsh and forbidding exterior and deportment in their votaries.

"To day," he added, "you have had a touch of his theory; to-morrow, I doubt not, you will see a specimen of his practice."

THE LOST HUNTER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

NUMB'd by the piercing, freezing air,
And burthen'd by his game,
The Hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame ;
The rifle he had shoulder'd late
Was trail'd along, a weary weight,
His pouch was void of food,
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen, Winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,
No bark or ax-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry.
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round ;—
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguil'd
Within an unknown maze ;
Stream, rock, and run-way, he had cross'd
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam ;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine,
And rugged mountain, were between
The Hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick gray air
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen

Of glimmering motes were spread ;
That ticked against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark ! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone
As surging near it pass'd,
And bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the Winter blast.

As o'er, it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings ;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And rob'd the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering Hunter grasp'd for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim ;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly chang'd the black'ning air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till nought was seen around—below
But falling flakes, and mantled snow
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart,
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echo'd death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath,
Spoil, rifle dropp'd, and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiff'ning frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,
 He deem'd that Summer hours
 Again around him brightly shone
 In sunshine, leaves and flowers :
 Again the fresh, green, forest sod,
 Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
 He heard the deer's low bleat,
 Or couch'd within the shadowy nook,
 He drank the crystal of the brook
 That murmur'd at his feet.

It chang'd ;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
 Rafter, and wall, and chair,
 Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
 Its warmth, and he was there ;
 His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
 Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
 His child was prattling by,
 The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,
 And through the pane's frost-pictur'd haze
 He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd ;—before his swimming sight
 Does not a figure bound,
 And a soft voice with wild delight
 Proclaim the lost is found ?
 No, Hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak
 Of whirling snow ;—the tempest's shriek—
 No human aid is near ;
 Never again that form will meet
 Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet
 Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke ;—away the clouds were chas'd,
 The sky was pure and bright,
 And on its blue, the branches traced
 Their webs of glittering white.
 Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
 The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
 Down bent the burthen'd wood,
 And scatter'd round, low points of green
 Peering above the snowy scene
 Told where the thickets stood,

In a deep hollow, drifted high
 A wave-like heap was thrown ;
 Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
 A diamond blaze it shown ;

The little snow-bird chirping sweet
 Dotted it o'er with tripping feet,
 Unsullied, smooth, and fair.
 It seem'd like other mounds, where trunk
 And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
 But oh ! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
 Soft suns and melting rains,
 And touched by her Ithuriel wand,
 Earth bursts its winter chains.
 In a deep nook, where moss, and grass
 And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass—
 Some scatter'd bones beside,
 A mother kneeling with her child,
 Told by her tears and wailings wild
 That there the lost had died.

 SONNET.

WHEN all the world is hushed—and drowsy sleep
 Ties with soft hand the curtains of men's eyes ;
 When the bright stars, those sentries of the skies,
 A careful watch above creation keep—
 If some rude jar or sudden fear dispel
 The slumb'rous vapors from th' unconscious mind,
 And wakened thought, unquiet, strives to find
 Some resting spot around the gloomy cell
 Of darkness, or some pleasant sound
 Amid the stillness—what a joyous thrill
 Runs through the senses—how they leap and bound
 Like untamed antelopes—to hear a shrill,
 Quick, merry, tuneful whistle, out of doors,
 Pierce the thick air, and break some next-room neighbor's
 snores !

P. B.

DUELLING.

WHOEVER argues to enforce upon human beings any great truth or principle, and finds that, although he can convince their reason, he cannot influence their conduct, may explain this phenomenon to himself, by reflecting a little on the usual efficient motives of human action. There are two sets of influences in the mind—prejudice, which is the habitual train or direction of thought; and reason, or what ought to be the same thing, opinion, usually a more newly-acquired superstructure. The prejudices lie deepest and nearest the springs of action; they may be covered up and contradicted by later convictions, but they continue long to exist, and their effect shows itself when circumstances put the man to the test. His opinions are like his clothes; he has adopted them from considerations of manifest usefulness, fitness, and propriety; his prejudices are like the hairy coverings nature supplies, which grow insensibly, and of which brutes in general get most and rational beings least. But the clothes may be changed, while the hair is like a part of the creature, and so are the prejudices. The opinions, again, like the clothes, are adopted on reflection, and for reasons sometimes good and sometimes bad, servilely like a livery, capriciously like a fashion, or ambitiously like a uniform or party badge. A large class of men can hardly be said to have opinions at all; they have prejudices and customs for every-day life, and for the hour of trial they seem to expect that that wisdom which should be the result of thought, will be furnished to them providentially and extempore. Many a man, at a crisis of his destiny, has cast away life or fortune for want of having well reasoned out and resolved upon his course when he could do it calmly, to enable himself to meet an emergency with a principle.

There has been a vast deal of preaching about the custom of duelling ever since the custom was known, and, as far as one can judge, with absolutely no effect. One man proves to you at great length what requires no proof, that it is anti-christian; another, that it is inhuman, ferocious, and uncivilized; and another, with a touch of satire, that it is cowardly, or the result of a decision "between two cowardices." Certainly, every body knows all this, but it is our habits and customs that must be changed, and not our opinions; we think rightly, we legislate rightly, but we persist in a wrong course of action. Now, though this wrong course of action is not to be got at with

words, it is nevertheless in a course of practical amendment, as we now propose to show ; for we are not about to join ourselves to the great company of the preachers, whose motives we respect, but whose efficiency, as we have said, we do not believe in.

There is but one class of men in the world who will abstain from duelling because it is wrong, while society is in a condition which makes the inducements to it sometimes very powerful. These are the men who really fear God, and who dare not incur the guilt of blood because of that fear. These men are few, so few, that having mentioned them, and we do it with reverence, we may leave them out of view in considering what is to befall the great mass of society. We say then, that there will always be duels in all societies whose condition is intermediate between strict military despotism and thorough republicanism. In the first of these forms it may be repressed, in the second it will disappear ; and it is upon this last idea that we wish to dwell for a moment, and not on the moral heinousness or palpable absurdity of the practice in question. To attack is idle when there is no defence ; and the only defence ever set up for duelling, is the idea of certain outrages and violations of decorum, which gentlemen, it is assumed, would generally commit if the fear of challenges should cease. To weigh this thing against the disruption of social ties and the guilt of blood, which would be the mere foolishness of preaching, as we have said, is not our purpose ; for in truth the reiteration to the minds of men of what they are already well convinced of, often, or even usually, dulls and diminishes their sense of its reality. And the reprehension of crime, whether beforehand or after its commission, is a species of punishment, having this at least in common with punishments in general, that it familiarizes the mind with the idea of the crime itself, and by a strange but well-ascertained tendency of human thought, this familiarity deducts from instead of adding to our horror. Therefore it is that in the most civilized nations punishments are becoming more and more private ; once to know that they exist, and then only to think of them when their idea rises up by the side of temptation, is the habit of mind most favourable to happiness and innocence.

We have said that duelling is inherent in certain political conditions of society, and that from one only it can be forcibly excluded, and from one only it has a tendency to die out of itself. From a rigorous military despotism only can it be kept out by force and fear, and experience has shown that such governments are rarely under the control of minds just and firm enough to make this use of power. Enough, however, has been from time to time effected, by Peter the Czar, by

Frederic the Second, and others, to show that honour, even of the most inflammable nicety, may be kept in awe by the axe of the executioner. A man's honour is dearer than his life ; and he will peril his life in a duel for its sake, provided, however, that the chance of death be tempered with a chance of escape. But if the axe is to cut off those whom the sword spares, behold Honour becomes peaceable as a lamb. How this operates in society, and how outrageous and brutal gentlemen grow under such circumstances, no historian or traveller, as far as we know, has informed us.

Despotism, however, as we have seen, *can* quell duelling ; but we may see also that republicanism *will*. In the minds of those to whom the great equalizing process now going on in the world is pleasant, this idea will connect itself with a system, and, when once established, will serve as an additional proof that all things work together for good. That it can be established, few, we think, will doubt ; the first glance we take, when it is suggested, at the actual condition of things in the world in this respect, almost carries conviction with it. In England, where the human mind has been free longest in the old world, and where practical equality is now most perfect, there also is duelling least frequent and most reprobated. In France, recently let loose from a despotism, and still labouring to clear itself of the wrecks of several orders of aristocracy and nobility, whose pretensions clash, and whose conflicts of interest are embittered by reciprocal contempt, there also is duelling most frequent and most in honour. In Germany strong governments keep it down to a certain extent, and those only of the privileged classes, who are in a measure above the law, venture on it openly. Public opinion there is none ; but we may judge that men look on duelling as a gentlemanlike or manly thing, from the plentiful mimicries of it among the students of the Universities, who scratch each others' faces with long and sharp knitting needles, for such in fact their swords are, and call it vindicating honour. But here, where public opinion does exist and act strongly on the minds of men, where thought, in its natural shapes, can compare itself with thought and be strengthened by coalition, here duelling, at least theoretically, is heartily condemned. In many minds the old inherited prejudice lies deep, but in nearly all the counteracting reason is above it ; and the number of men increases constantly, who can not only talk in its favour by their quiet firesides, but can regulate their actions by it in the moment of excitement. Therefore it is that duelling among us has been turned over to a class whose example carries little weight, unless for admonition ; and therefore it is that the arm of the law is strengthened, and that there

is danger at this moment for any duellist, who comes before a New-York jury, that he may go to the State Prison. This severe legislation is right. Homicide in a duel ought not to be whitewashed by the law into a misdemeanor, it ought to be condemned to the punishment of homicide, and, in aggravated cases, of murder. Public opinion will at last enforce the law; we believe, as we have said, that it will do so now.

The class of men among whom duels of late years have occurred is not, as we have hinted, the best among us; it is not the refined or educated, or in any respect the superior class. One or two exceptions occur to us; but in general, where and how do duels originate; within what walls, or among what associations? Determine this, and it is hardly necessary to call up your remembrance of the individuals to ask what you know about them. Is it in ball-rooms that gentlemen quarrel? Is it in each other's houses even, amid the license of wine and walnuts? Or is it on the hustings or at the polls, or amid the haunts and agitations of commerce? Sometimes it is, but very rarely. The quarrels which end in blood, most usually begin with whiskey. You hear of a scene at some well-known tavern, you hear names you are accustomed to associate with its name; there were intemperate hours, cards, gambling, discussions, and a *row*; and to all this the antidote is a duel. Such remedies may be necessary for such disorders, as beggars have found it necessary to have a king, and endow him with revenues and authority; and as thieves have a police among themselves the compulsory principle of which is honour; they would probably be worse if it were abolished. We are not, therefore, arguing against the existence of the thing, but merely attempting to show *where* it exists, and since we think it must be admitted that among us at least it is banished into a certain class, we shall next proceed to inquire how that step to its extirpation has been effected.

Throughout all human arrangements like seeks its like, and seeks to disseminate itself. With light and reason societies consent to purify themselves, and those to whom the process is uncongenial, draw together to resist it. *Here*, in our natural state of things, they cluster and go down, to form, as dregs should regularly do, an understratum. But aristocratic institutions prevent this separation and subsidence; they fix men in places so permanently, that, do what they may, they cannot go down, and they form such limited circles among such strongly-stamped distinctions, that a circle which expels a member will feel the loss, and knows not whence to supply it. Moreover, they limit each man's habitual responsibility for his actions to his own circle, and teach him to disregard all opinions out of

it, the overwhelming one of the general public having no organs. He acts, therefore, only under so much restraint as is imposed by the laws of his clique, to be administered usually with the bias in his favor of personal friendship or acquaintance, or at least of the *esprit de corps*. These all are entrenchments, defences, and covered ways for vice and crime, out of which they can never be driven. Add to this, that in the complexities of a system of distinctions not based at all on reason, in clashing pretensions to privilege or precedence, and in the insolence of empty rank and the resistance of conscious strength, discussions will arise which only the sword can terminate. To decide which is the best of two men, both perhaps intrinsically thoroughly bad, there is but one method—to kill one of them; and then reason from the rule of the preacher, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. No other principle can ever conclude this strife in societies where a man's character and personal qualities are not the sole, or at all events the primary, criterion of his standing and consideration. Wealth is a pleasant thing, and talent a most desirable one, and even family distinctions are not without their influence, provided their possessor be honourable and unimpeached; but none of these things should be allowed to sustain villainy or gross folly against public opinion. This is the whole theory of republican distinctions; foreigners have pretended to make an enigma of it, but we may say to those who do not understand it, that the fault, and the misfortune too, is their own.

It is a process which adapts itself easily to coarse and violent minds, and one which is very convenient to the advocate of a bad cause, to refer every thing to the arbitration of a fight. Such men, therefore, always preach chivalry, and lay fast hold on the code of honor; but among men of sense and breeding, who understand their relations to each other, and have not their views of each other's conduct distorted by artificial lights and false levels of society, there never need be any difficulty in adjusting a difference. The case is deliberately re-considered, and reduced to its plain right and wrong, and then each man makes or accepts such concessions as are due. Society sanctions this course, and its judgment is strong enough now to sustain those who conform to it against those who do not, without further vengeance. The public is a general Court of Honor, and a much better one than the childish scheme of Mr. Buckingham, lately re-published here, would establish, which is no more nor less than a proposition to increase the number of offences liable to be brought before a jury. What sort of punishments or indemnities this court proposed should

award, whether pecuniary or corporal, or only verbal and mental, is not said, nor is it easy to imagine. We shall waste no words on a scheme so intrinsically frivolous, but shall close this article with a few anecdotes connected with this subject, and a few reflections immediately growing out of them.

In most cases of duels growing out of differences in society, it is the man who is most in the wrong who seeks redress. He feels himself in the wrong, and therefore in a manner disgraced; he wants something to take off the sense of public censure, and he remembers that by the code of Honor a duel absolves both parties of all that went before it. We remember an instance which occurred in a packet ship, where a man, either drunk or in some violent excitement, made an assault on a table at which several persons—some of them ladies—were sitting. The nearest man repelled him by force, and was afterwards called upon, at Havre, to fight him for his satisfaction. He replied, "Sir, you brought your disgrace upon yourself, and I shall lend you no aid to wipe it off." The answer was most logical, and in accordance with sense, and our customs and opinions; but by the code of Honor he must have fought. And he should have fought forthwith, without waiting to learn what, in this case, he would afterwards have learned, that his adversary was a felon and fugitive from justice, and was not a person of sufficient rank to be considered in such circumstances, even technically, a gentleman.

Lord Brudenell, son of the Earl of Cardigan, ran away with a married lady, who was afterwards divorced, and he married her, and she is now Lady Brudenell. But his Lordship, after the first escapade, was somewhat surprised that he did not receive a challenge from the injured husband, and he was so anxious to make reparation, that at last he wrote to offer it. His note was worded as follows:—"Sir: Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." The reply was this:—"My Lord, in taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor that one man can do another; and I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the acknowledgments which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." This man took a cold-blooded view of the case, but he was right; revenge, in such a case, is no reparation; and the unworthiness of the cause must completely neutralize its relish. Pecuniary damages are positively base; and Mr. Buckingham himself would hardly have thought it worth the trouble of pursuing the case through a Court of Honor to make the culprit apologize.

The real cause of the most violent quarrels is very often beyond the reach of evidence or explanation, and this it is which accounts for permanent and mortal differences breaking out on a trivial pretext, which seems like nothing; but is backed by old hatreds, indefinable slights, rivalries, and hoarded animosities. The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman challenged a man for not inviting him to dinner, a cause not likely to be avowed, but certainly it was the real one. The Baron had lost his trunk in the river, with all his letters of introduction, and consequently, till more came, his standing was not well ascertained. Some persons received him, others denounced him; but this latter class the Baron, if he could get at them, was always ready to fight. He knew very well that the *ratio ultima regum*, the logic of kings, was also the best logic for impostors; and if any thought his credentials were short weight, he was ready to throw his pistol into the scale. In the case in question, Mr. J. . . . R. . . . whom the Baron met in a certain set where he had access, was famous for his good dinners, from which the Baron was always left out. Weary of this, he called one day on Mr. R. and spread his credentials, such as they were, before him, by way of removing suspicions which, he said, he had heard R. . . . had expressed, and against which he made a laboured argument. He left his papers and desired they might be returned with a note expressive of the impression they produced, but R. . . . returned them in a blank envelope. The Baron thereupon sent a challenge, which was left at the door as if it had been an invitation for dinner. Mrs. R. . . . opened it, and immediately replied to it as follows.—“Sir. Your note is received. My husband will not have any thing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aide-de-camp to Prince Blucher, as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself.

“MARY R. . . .”

One story suggests another, and to stories about duels there is no end. We will make an end of telling them, however, with one from Boston, where, we are told, there is a correspondence going on still, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A. a bachelor, challenged Mr. B. a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children,

consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also, but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

THE GREEK LOVERS.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

Illustration of an engraving of "Greek Lovers," by Durand, after a painting by Weir.

No longer here, as once of yore,
When love, in peace, could love adore,
The Grecian Lover woos his bride,
With vines above and flowers beside.
His scimitar with gore is wet,
The Pacha's blood bedews it yet.
He sought her in the Moslem's tower,
He wrench'd her from the robber's power,
And left his mansion desolate,
To prove his love and seal his hate.

Her father fell, where all but fame
Was lost. His proudly cherished name—
Though still a war-cry for the fight,
A hope-flash o'er a starless night
Of ungilt bondage—grac'd alone,
One gentle girl. His sons were gone ;
And she, a slave, was doom'd to see,
In its worst form, captivity.

The first dark day of bondage passed,
In fitting night of rain and blast ;
And wearied victors sought repose,
Nor dreamt of harm from scatter'd foes.
The maiden at the casement stood,
And watch'd the mild and flowing flood,
That beat against the Moslem's wall,
And ponder'd on her country's fall.
She thought not of herself ; the fire
That burned within, proclaimed her sire,
And that long line of mighty men,
Whom Greece might never see again.

A speck is floating with the tide,
A growing bulk, a boat, a form—
It is her lover's!—To her side
He springs, despite the guards and storm.

A moment, and the bark is gained,
The dirk unearth'd that held it chain'd.
They spoke not, scarcely breath'd for fear
The sound might reach a hostile ear;
His foot upon the deck was plac'd,
His lifting arm was round her waist;
He paus'd, look'd back—

“Not yet! not yet!!
So much for *love*!—There is a debt
Of *death*, unpaid.—I cannot flee,
E'en from this place of chains with thee,
Until 'tis cancell'd—rest thee here!
A child of Greece should know no fear!
This rope secures the boat—Be still,
Though sounds should rise the heart to chill!
If coming feet should meet thine ear,
And I am silent, do not fear;
But if I cry, 'farewell! 'tis o'er!
Push off the shallop from the shore.
Friends wait below to rescue thee:
There yet are some whose hands are free.”

“Oh do not leave me!—If there be
A danger, let me share't with thee!
I'd rather go, with thee to die,
Than to a throne, without thee, fly!”

“It must not be! My love, forbear,
'Twere only *danger* thou could'st share;
Thou couldst but fetter heart and steel;
'Tis mine to act—thou wouldst but feel;
The deed is bloody, stout the foe,
My fears for thee might mar the blow.
Propitious omens bar my flight;
The 'curse of Greece,' must die to-night.”

His stay was long, but longer still
It seem'd to her, thus doom'd to wait
For him, whose coming steps could thrill
Her heart-strings, like the touch of fate.
Her head was bent, her breath was low,
She caught, tho' guards did not, the blow;
And stretch'd her passion-sharpen'd ear,
The cry of pain or rage to hear;
But save, that single blow, was heard
Nor stroke, nor bustle, groan nor word.

His step is heard at last. “Away!
The moon is rising!—no delay!
Fear not; the guards will find no boat;
I've sent their sleeping slaves afloat,
And they are drifting with the tide
Without an oar to move or guide.”

“He spoke not! How I longed to wake
The foe, and open vengeance take,
Recount our wrongs, recite our tears,
Alarm his pride, arouse his fears,
And strike him, as he bent the knee,
And cry, “for Greece and Liberty.”

"It could not be; I fear'd they might
Arrest my hand or bar thy flight;
And though for such revenge, my life
Were price too mean, the startling strife,
Had peril'd thee; and then, oh then,
The tyrants had been paid again.
To pass away were nought to me,
If thou wert safe, and Greece were free,
And I could see with dying eyes,
The red-drops of the sacrifice.

"But better thus! the hand that gave
That hasty blow, may live to wave
The sword, in open fields, and slay
Oppressors in the face of day.
Oh wretched land, oh abject time,
When public vengeance seems like crime,
And steals upon the sleeping foe,
To give an unresisted blow.

"But harken! ha!—They've found him too!
The wild lament, the fierce halloo,
Betoken grief,—proclaim pursuit!
They're tasting now the bitter fruit
Of long oppression! Let them wail!
'Tis but a prelude to the tale,
Of woes to come, when, great and free,
All Greece, on continent and sea,
Shall arm, and strike for liberty."

Years pass away. The moslem tower
Seems now of love the rosy bower.
The guards are gone, the warders wait
No longer at the iron gate,
But childhood's playful laugh is there,
And gentle woman's soothing care;
The Grecian standard floats above,
And frowning Mars is gone, and Love
Disports him in its peaceful folds—
The victor-Greek the fortress holds;
And pours into his Artaxerxes' ear
The story of that night of fear,
When, braving storm, and flood, and power,
He bore her from the Pacha's tower.

Philadelphia, March, 1838.

MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

NO. I.

THERE is many an unpleasant discovery that one makes between twenty and thirty. Think not that I mean the hated appearance of wrinkles and crow-tracks, or the thinning of the hair, or the growing signs of florid and rude health, oh, gentle *celibetaire*, that art perchance beguiling the tedium of a long evening in thy solitary chamber with these pages. No ! Lanel hath long since "left the herd," and lost all sympathy with *such* causes of fretful mortification. I speak of a certain discovery, which it often befalls us to make at that age when one usually begins in earnest to make a study of his own inward man, concerning our feelings and habits in reference to the highest works of art. Up to that time, for instance, we have had no reason to doubt that we have been truly *genial* students of those works,—that we have been so far peculiarly endowed with the poetic mind as to be capable, when coming in contact with it in its highest degrees, of following it in its creative processes, and of contemplating the result as if it were half our own. We have read—we have perhaps *studied*—our Chaucer and Spenser, our Shakspeare and Milton, with sustained interest, with profound sympathy, with just appreciation. But at this period of self-questioning we make the discovery, that whereas it might be presumed we should *recur* to what we appreciate so supremely, we in fact do no such thing. We are content with our foregone efforts. We had rather be speculating about Hamlet on the strength of old impressions, than to strain our faculties again in a direct and closer study. To be sure our favorite volumes are not abandoned to dust and cobwebs. We do turn occasionally to our Spenser, but we open—not upon the magnificent Faerie Queene—but upon the sweet Epithalamium. In Shakspeare we seek a gentler exertion of the mind in the as yet unsolved riddle of the Sonnets, or the most playful of his Dramas. And as for the sublime and severe old Puritan, for once that we work upon the Paradise Lost, ten times do we disport ourselves in those trim gardens of his, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the Sonnets, and the minor poems, the Comus and the Lycidas.

Such discovery we have called unpleasant. And, certes, it does—for the moment at least—stir up into troublesome acti-

vity whole swarms of mortifying, self-distrusting thoughts. We listen, with painful misgiving to their suggestions, whether our admiration of Milton (for instance) had been real and natural, when we thus shrink from recurring to the best evidence and noblest monument of his peculiar powers? Whether, in fact we are not, after all, of *the many*, who only read the *Paradise Lost* because they must, and echo the praises of its sublimity because the world has voted it sublime, while in their hearts they care not a straw for the whole book, but rather inwardly fret at its tediousness, and wish the blind old school-divine could never have got his shrewish daughters to write it out for him; or—we inwardly exclaim—if I am not of such cattle—if I am not so bad as *that*—has not my admiration of the nobler works of Genius been half taken upon trust, and really far, very far inferior to that which is felt by men of higher gifts,—men endued with livelier sensibilities, and more rapid and profound insight?

Gentle reader, hath Lanel now caused a chord of sympathy to vibrate responsively in thy bosom, or taught thee to understand a sound before too faint for thy inward ear? (Show thy gratitude, then, by making fearlessly the record of thy own secret experiences, for the behoof of those who can learn to know themselves, or to be honest enough to speak truth of themselves to themselves, only through the suggestive confessions of others.) Then would we keep thee no longer in that state of self-distrust, but would offer to thy wounded feelings an unction which we have at least found healing to our own.

First, then, we aver—notwithstanding the appearance of assumption on the one hand, and of severe judgment on the other—that *every* great artist, like Milton, necessarily directs his work to an audience few, *because* fit. In other words, true sympathy with the productions of the *highest* minds, (the ground of all worthy admiration,) can be felt only by minds but a few degrees lower. Poetic imagination is given to but few, even in its lower degrees; and that the reader *without* imagination can sympathize with imagination in its divinest efforts, is an absurdity too stout for *us* to deal with. Had we space, we could prove our assertion even from the very facts that would be brought up against it,—by simply analyzing on the one hand, the character of the works which win the most of popular admiration; and, on the other, the character of that admiration itself. But we go on, to add, *Secondly*, [“Has our Lanel been a *sermonizer*?” Why not,—unless you mean thereby a *proser*?] that if true admiration of art can belong only to the highest minds, then it can be felt by *them* only in their highest moods,—when their imagination can be

brought into full and free activity. They must be in the proper mood for *study*,—*such* study, we mean, of course, as the peculiar character of the object demands. Now, a work of art is *one*,—it has a living principle of unity; and therefore its best beauties can be seen adequately only in connexion with, and in relation to, the whole. And the best mind must be (as we have said) in its happiest mood, before it can—on the strength of mere memory—place itself in the high, imaginative position from which it can enter into the spirit of a noble passage by itself, as a part of the organic whole. Yet, so loudly does the “fit reader,” by the laws of his own mind, call for the perception and sense of such unity, that he instinctively shrinks from taking up a truly great work, when the conditions of perceiving its unity are not present.

If this theory is correct, then it satisfactorily accounts for the fact—which may, we think, be confidently stated as a fact—that such a reader sits down by *seasons* to his Shakspeare and Milton; and that, when he cannot command a season—when he has only his occasional winter-evening—he turns involuntarily either to some work of a less elevated walk in art or to the *minor* gems of the great masters. And if we are answered that many literary men keep their Shakspeare and Milton, and their other favorite poets, always lying on their table, that they may look up, now and then, a fine passage as a “stop-gap,” (so Elia hath it,) amidst more useful studies, we have only to say, that we speak not of them: for them was made the “Beauties of Shakspeare.”

But, at all events, whether thou wilt receive this unction or not, gentle reader—(a most ungentle reader, though, if you don't)—we retire upon ourselves, and repeat that we applied it to our own feelings with perfect success, when, just a year ago this winter, those same mortifying questionings arose in our own mind upon finding ourselves perpetually recurring to Milton's LYCIDAS. As often as we went to our shelves for our Milton, our hand directed itself to the second volume—for our copy is the noble Boston edition in two volumes—and when we began to turn over the leaves, we were always sure, after casting a look first at the *Paradise Regained* and then at the *Samson Agonistes*, to be set a-reciting

“Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy ever sere!”

and then we had nothing for it but to read over the whole in our very best manner. Few give the true musical recitation to poetry; we try to, but others, we dare say, have succeeded bet-

ter. But was this pleasure so solitary? No, reader. Lanel hath wife and wife's sister, and to them it was that he recited his favorite poem, with extemporal prolegomena, and now and then an explanation where he *felt* he was not understood. Many, many changes have occurred to us within the year which has passed since that time; hundreds of miles are now between us and that remote village, lying between noble mountains and a noble lake—(O what sunsets have we not seen there!) we are drudging hard in a far different employment—(we steal the time by snatches to pen these idle pages)—and all of our present intercourse with the present living and now printing world of letters, has been formed since that time; and yet the harmonious cadence of those readings are still ringing in our ears, to remind us of the promise which we then made to that partial auditory, that the said prolegomena and commentary should form our first public essay in "Reproductive Criticism"—if we may borrow a new name of the day. I hear, gentle souls, even in this far distance, and will no longer be disobedient to your mandate. The honored but unseen friend of Lanel shall forthwith have it to say whether he will or will not print a couple of essays on Milton's Lycidas. And, in order to fulfil our promise to the word, we begin with our

PROLEGOMENA.

Start not at a term savoring so strongly of Classical Criticism or of Mathematical lore. Lanel is but too guiltless of both. *His* Prolegomena will have nothing to do with learning—with the editions of the Lycidas, the MSS., the Various Readings, or the passages imitated from Dante or Petrarch. He reminds you, that his critique is to be *reproductive*. His aim, therefore, in this preparatory and principal essay, will be to put *your* mind, good reader, so fully into sympathy with the mind of the poet at the time of producing this monody, that you may go through the work as if it were your own; that your feelings may be put (in fancy) under the same exciting causes, and thus become the conditions of a like imaginative activity. And we shall by no means incur blame, we trust, if we direct the reader to make use of the position thus gained in defending this beautiful poem from certain coarse assaults that have been made upon it by a critic, who must have misconceived its whole spirit.

We must first give whatever of story the poem is concerned with. Milton was sent, for his education, to the University of Cambridge. His father designed him for the Church—a destination to which Milton was far from being disinclined: he

would seem, on the contrary, to have entered into the plan, and to have shaped his studies accordingly. And, although he afterwards conceived scruples as to making the subscriptions required of candidates for the ministry of the Church of England, his tastes underwent no change—he was ever a divine at heart. It was natural, therefore, that his college intimates should be chosen from amongst those who were of like minds and like destination with himself. Now, amongst his fellow-students was Edward King. This youth—we take the poem itself as our chief and best authority for the facts—was designed for the ministry. That he was a universal favorite in the University we may reasonably conclude, from the fact, that the poems with which they honored his memory, (including this monody of Milton's,) formed a volume. Our poet styles him his *friend*, and we do not think Milton a man to call any ordinary degree of acquaintance a friendship. In the monody itself he shows how close their intimacy must have been; that it was, in fact, a true *brotherhood* in the enthusiastic study of letters, in religious feelings and pursuits, and moreover in ecclesiastical opinions—at that time, doubtless, a strong bond of union.

Now, we must beg the reader to settle it for himself, here, at the outset, whether the professed friendship of Milton for Edward King was really a friendship or not. It will hardly be doubted, unless we go farther back, and question whether Milton were ever capable of friendship at all. We strongly suspect that most persons, looking on Milton in his private character only as the severe Puritan and strict governor of his family, do really entertain that doubt. But we cannot allow it for a moment. We can allow it of no true poet. We could not allow it of Milton, even in those later years of blindness and disappointment, or in the political activity of his middle life, while he was writing pamphlets for the Presbyterians, or concentrating all his powers in the contest with Salmasius. Much less can we grant it in reference to that earlier period, in which, although he had formed his political opinions, his chief zeal was directed to the cultivation of literature and the production of poetry. Then he could write that precious tribute—

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones”——

and could dwell upon

“Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child;”

that same poet, whom, in the half-affectation (as we think) of

Puritanism—he could, years after, speak of as one William Shakspeare, with reprobation of certain stuff in favor of the divine right of kings. Then it was that he corresponded so affectionately with Charles Deodati, and even hinted to him how sensible he was to the loveliness of woman; then he wrote his verses *Ad Patrem*; and then he loved to dwell—in poetry full of kind and honorable feeling—upon the memory of his early teachers. But surely we need not labor this point. We *must* take it for granted, most kindly reader, that you do believe that the young John Milton had his proportion, at least, of warm (and certainly of deep) feeling, and that he must have *loved* Edward King.

But the time came when the intercourse of the friends was interrupted. Milton left the university, and spent a few years—mostly at a beautiful country-seat of his father's—in the most diligent study of the Greek and Latin classics, and in the not less diligent cultivation of poetry; for during that period he produced his finest Latin poems, and—along with many minor pieces—his *Arcades* and *Comus*, and those twin gems, the *L'Allegro* and the *Il Penseroso*. King must have continued in the University as a fellow (we should judge), for he had spent more than four years there after the departure of Milton before he bade Cambridge farewell, and took passage for Ireland in a crazy and unsafe vessel, which went down in calm weather and deep water. King was one of those who perished.

Now, let us endeavor to conceive the kind of impression which this unexpected and violent death of Edward King must have made upon his youthful poet-friend. Let us reflect *what* King was to his fellow-students, and in what circumstances the shock came upon Milton in particular. Remember, then, that Edward King was a College student, cut off at the moment when he was entering upon the actual business of his life, and still fresh in the hearts and memories of his College friends.

We know what feelings students have towards those who leave their Alma Mater with high hopes and fair promise. We have then known few others in the world; we have compared ourselves only with ourselves; we have measured each other's powers only by our enthusiastic aspirations; and there is no limit to the course which we think ourselves capable of running. The favorites of the class are to breathe new life into the dull and dying world. And if at that moment of separation one of those favorites should die, we exclaim, with a sincerity and faith, unchecked by experience of the exaggerations of such hopes,—What buds of genius have been blasted! What soul-stirring eloquence has died unuttered! How tame and dull still are our lakes and mountains wanting that golden

light of poetry which *he* would surely have cast upon them ! Ah ! how different does the death of a class-mate strike us ten years later, when the cherished favorite of the lecture-room has measured himself with the hard strength of this every-day world, and sunk down from henceforth to work task-work, undistinguished amongst his fellows.

Edward King would seem to have been eminently one of those College favorites, whose brows are wont to be decked before-hand, in fancy, with "predestinated wreaths." It must have been a shipwreck of no common treasure of promise, that could draw forth such numerous and such peculiar expressions of grief and disappointment from his University. No matter how much their estimate of his powers and their confidence in his future eminence may have been exaggerated ; if only real—and that no one will doubt—it was a sufficient ground for that kind of disappointment which we have described as peculiar to College students. In such feelings Milton (we may assume) could not but bear his part. But there were, besides, circumstances in his intellectual character, in his stage of intellectual developement, and in his aspirations after the best good for himself and his fellow-men, by which this stroke was brought down upon *him* with additional and peculiar force. Remember, dear reader, those bonds of union—those ties of sympathy—which made these young men brethren. King was, or was believed to be, (and that amounts to the same thing for our purpose,) a poet.

"———He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme !"

But what was Milton's estimate of the preciousness and rareness of the gift of poesy ? Years after, in cooler manhood, he held "these powers to be divinely bestowed, and that upon few in all nations." Think you he valued them less during this period of his most enthusiastic youth, when his own productive power was developing itself with the profuse strength and free abandonment of new life in his bosom—when he had come to the sure belief, that his were wings that were growing for a sublimer flight than mortal had ever before conceived ? What, then, must he have felt at the sudden extinction of a light so rare,—at the passing away of poetic power from the earth ? For if

" Then—when the poet dies,
Mute *Nature* mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies,"

certainly the spirits which have fellowship with the prematurely dead in the same gift, can be affected with no less a sorrow. Milton, then, could not but feel that he had suffered a loss by the untimely blasting of one rare poetic bud; and that feeling of loss must have been made deeper and more lasting by the brotherhood which had existed between him and his friend in the love of letters, in religious feeling, and especially in plans for purifying what *they* deemed a corrupt Church, by at least setting the example of a highly-gifted and cultivated mind, still holy and heavenly, engaged in the faithful discharge of the humble duties of a pastor. Recognise in *him*, therefore, the reasons which he had above his fellows for feeling the loss of Edward King, and we may perhaps conceive the deep, but subdued and sanctified regret, with which he constantly reflected how much of the purest beauty and worth—how much of rare power and high principle—how much of undeveloped cultivating influence for him, for the Church, and for the world—went down in “that fatal and perfidious bark.”

Thus, good reader, have we labored—we *hope* with *success*, we much *fear* with all too much of tedious prolixity—to show that Milton did not produce this monody on his College friend out of an assumed sorrow; but, on the contrary, from feeling natural, sincere, and deep; and further, that such feeling was modified by the peculiarities of the constitution and position of his mind. The case admits, we grant, of nothing more than such presumptive evidence as we have adduced; and presumptive evidence [“ah! I was mistaken; our Lanel is a lawyer!” Very well; let me be a Pasha of as many tails as possible,] we know, may always be rebutted. We grieve—for thy patience’s sake, gentle reader, to say that such a rebutter has been pleaded in this same case; for we are bound not only to hear it and make our answer, but also, for thy better knowledge, to give thee some hints concerning the character of its author.

To that end we must draw upon our stores of learning. Know then, that in a certain place, in Lat.—but we could never remember latitudes and longitudes—during a certain era, from—but we are even worse at dates—there lived a certain race of “Mercurial men,” which has never yet found its match—unless in the thrice-glorious age of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, for intellectual character, for sensibility almost inconceivably acute, for subtlety and profundity in thinking, and for playfulness, grace, energy, and sublimity of fancy and imagination. Nigh neighbour to the habitation of this race did lie another “certain tract or parcel of land,” known by the name of Bœotia, a country peculiarly rich in the dower of dulness, and

standing to Attica in the relation of + and —, the positive and negative signs of the algebraist. But sometimes there was a certain gigantic, heavy strength excited in these same Bæotians, which bore down all before it; but it grew out of a time, and was for a time, and died with the time. Now, we have found, in our more recondite reading, that this same Bæotia hath the singular quality of not being confined to place, but can transfer itself to various places, and be constantly only a Bæotia of *time*. (Doubtless the great *Sartor* was not aware of this unique fact when he spake of a space-annihilating cap as a kind of logical entity still shivering for want of the clothing of reality.) Once on a time this same space-clog-less Bæotia (*we* can make words as well as *Sartor*) took up its abode in a certain *age* of English mind. And first, it added to the unideal, imaginative common sense of the age (which was, indeed, very good just then) a singular power of rhyming in regular iambics, and of using very skilfully a cut-and-dried magazine of poetic diction. Then was the world blessed with *Essays on Criticism* and *Essays on Man*, (the "*Man-animal*," that is,) with *Essays on*—every species of farming and manufacture, we believe, and so forth. Moreover, as we read lately, that every school of art necessarily makes a school of criticism—this Bæotia of time produced a Coryphaeus of criticism to answer to the Coryphaeus of—Poetry, we must call it, we suppose. He was a man of big body and big understanding; he had a big fist, and carried a big oak stick,—and he made big books, which contained *very* big words. He was made to perform a certain kind of work, and in that work, sooth to say, he was a giant. He was the unrivalled critic of the literature of his age; and, to confess the truth, he is a dear favorite of our's, he was such a grand old bear. But that school of poetry was manufactured without the help of the imagination, (for the *invention* which they pretended to was not *creation*, not a moulding into one by *Phantasy*, but an aggregation of mere *Fancy*): it therefore demanded no imagination in its critic; and, certes, our "Learned Theban" had none. By reason whereof his criticism came to exhibit a twofold character, according as the work under his hands was or was not the offspring of the school for which he was made. On the productions of that school he was a sound and satisfactory critic; for his own mind, when coming in contact with the working of that class of mind, could touch at every point: it was like and equal, and no more. He had not the slightest ear for music, and only the least possible perception of melody; and yet, so uniform and so mechanical was the flow of the only verse then tolerated, that he had no occasion to become conscious of his deficiency. He had no true enjoyment of nature,

but there was nothing in those Essays on Criticism to suggest a doubt whether there be any Nature. But when, on the other hand, he was to pass judgment upon a true Poet, he was made to feel his want of sensibility, his want of eye and ear, and his utter poverty in imagination. His consciousness of power in other directions, together with the high estimate which he knew other great men of the day placed upon his mind and works, forbade him to confess his deficiencies even to himself; and therefore he had nothing for it but to be fretted and angry, and to be as unjust and severe as possible. Thus of Chaucer, and Spenser he says little or nothing; as to Shakspeare, his criticism is utterly unsatisfactory even when he meant best; on Gray he is unjust; his praise of Collins is feeble and unintelligent; and as to Milton, he nowhere appreciates him; and with respect to most of his minor poems, his opinions are hardly above contempt. But it is on Lycidas that he has poured forth the most unjust, unfair, ignorant, and stupid criticism that he ever uttered. We must not trust ourselves, however, to enter into the examination of the whole of that criticism now while we are so warm. We mean, for the present, only to take notice of the matter, which the "Great Critic" introduces to rebut our presumptive evidence, that the monody is an expression of genuine, and not of assumed feeling.

Let us, then, hear, first of all, the very words—the *ipsissima verba*—of the unrivalled judge of English Poetry:

"It [Lycidas] is not to be considered the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs, and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief." Again—"When Cowley tells of Hervey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labor and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines!

'We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.' "

And, finally, "He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy." These are the critic's *words*: let us get at their meaning. Lycidas must not be considered as springing from real feeling, *because* it is contrary to the nature of real feeling to go (we are to suppose) beyond the model of Cowley or Harvey,—to make other than matter-of-fact statements concerning the deceased,—to indulge in *fiction* (that is, we must certainly infer) to enter

the province of the imagination. In a word, grief that can express itself in true poetry, is not real grief.

Now, gentle reader, can he who asserts what certainly amounts to this, really speak

————— out of a most learned spirit
Of human dealing ?

Relying upon what we know of man—of youth—of genius, we confidently say, No ! We reason thus. Affection, in all men, is more or less connected, in some way, with the intellect—with the imagination. Generally speaking, in parents, children, brothers, sisters, love is more exclusively that of mere natural feeling, almost entirely independent of personal qualities and of intellectual sympathies. Grief for an object of such love is most of all unmingled with a consoling, restoring element : it is simple and bitter. Yet facts are abundant to show that where the mourner is possessed of genius, it is not unnatural even for such grief to vent itself in poetry,—in poetry elevated far above the matter-of-fact character to which our great critic would confine it. We happen to think just now of Bishop Lowth's exquisite verses—*Latin*, too—on his lost daughter, of Burke's highly poetical prose allusion to the death of his son, of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture, and of Lyttleton's and Mason's elegies on their deceased wives. And yet no one questions the sincerity of the feeling in any of these cases, because we know (as we have said) that in the man of genius especially, the mind is interested, as well as the heart, in *all* his attachments,—even for those with whom his mind has not the highest degree of sympathy. After the first shock of grief, therefore, the very recollection excites the imagination to a degree of activity. The full fraught heart gently, but naturally, moves the mind's shaping power, (through the process of moulding all things into one by giving to all form and coloring from some predominant passion,) to inspire the flowers and the plants, the hills and the groves—the favorite objects and haunts of the dear departed—with a sense of loss and desolation like its own ; the rare volumes are become dumb ; the harp is sad and silent for want of the hand that was wont to touch its strings ; the favorite animal shares in the mute regret ; and this almost involuntary exercise of the imagination, begun in unmingled bitterness, ministers to working the mind clear, self-refreshed.

Thus we say, it may be even where the love of mere natural feeling must necessarily be the strongest. But in the friendship of College companions—of those who come together later

in life, and are drawn towards each other in the first instance chiefly by the secret instinct of intellectual sympathy, by becoming conscious of kindred powers and similar aspirations in each other—natural feeling, on the other hand, must have the less, and the imagination the greater, share. Sorrow for the loss of such a friend has therefore much less to repress the first risings of imaginative activity. So far from having other feelings springing out of earlier and natural grounds of love, to prevent us from thinking, while the sense of loss is fresh within us, of our old pursuits and magnificent schemes, it is precisely to *them* that, in this case, we recur at once. At once do we roam, in fancy, over our old favorite haunts—amidst the old groves and streams, and hills; the very stuff out of which the mind's plastic power moulds its most refreshing creations. At once do we return to dwell upon the source of our heaviest disappointment—our mutual pursuits and schemes; and in a moment we are in the midst of that fairy land, the dream of gifted and enthusiastic youth. And as we see over again our old visions, we are secretly refreshing ourselves with a gallery of most beloved pictures; and before we know it, we are deep in the heathful work of peopling new canvasses with scenes, none the less beautiful for the gentle shade of sadness that has unconsciously fallen upon them.

Now we appeal to you, good reader, (for if you have endured us thus far, we are quite sure of your sympathy,) was not *such* the sorrow, which it was natural, yea, necessary for the College friends of young King to feel,—and to whom was it more natural than to Milton? For was not every condition of the predominance of mere natural feeling wanting in his case? And was not every thing present that could give the ascendancy to that sorrow which was more nearly connected with the imagination? Where was he? Was he still in the old halls—the scene of their year-long associations—every feature of which should bring back, in its pristine freshness, each word and act of their friendship, and force the heart into poignant distress? Had it been but a week or a month since they had bidden each other farewell? Was he living in a city, with the bustle and stir and variety of man's every-day life to distract and divert him, and to keep down every higher exertion of his mind? By no means. Milton had been some years, even absent from the University, and could have seen King only during occasional visits, and was living in scenes with which the memory of his friend was in no way associated,—in a beautiful country, rich in those objects which give birth to the most pleasing and soothing exertions of the imagination. Besides, as we have already seen, his mind was excit-

ed to its most genial and intense activity by the *study* of poetry,—the poetry of the ancients, and also that of the Italians; and by the *production* of poetry of his own.

With what reason, then, can it be said, that Milton's sorrow for his friend was not real, because it showed itself as the sorrow of a poet, growing out of no natural relation, but out of the friendship of sympathy in powers, pursuits, and aspirations, *must* show itself? Could the Great Critic have relied so confidently on this objection of his, (so plausible, we fear, to too many,) if his own mental constitution had not been so unfortunate? But shall *he* be allowed to give the rule in this case, whose temperament was so thoroughly morbid, that any grief in him was a miserable, lifeless depression of spirits, an unmingled, unsoftened, unsanctified anguish, that would have smothered the brightest flame of imagination; how much more such an imagination as his—if he could be said to have any at all?

We shall take leave, then, to consider our presumptive evidence as *not* effectually rebutted, and to proceed with our Prolegomena. But what is this? Here I am actually occupying no small part of a fourth closely written foolscap sheet—one sheet, at least, more than a Magazine article ought ever to consist of. Besides, my fingers cramp with such eternal scribbling, and I am heartily tired of my own *longueurs*. Pray heaven my friend Benjamin may not be so too—(I can call myself tedious, but can't bear that any one else should)—for then the world that makes itself funnier (and wiser and better, of course) by means of the *American Monthly*, will die in ignorance of some things that may be *said* about Milton's Lycidas, if not of some of its beauties. Print me this time, Sir Benjamin, and you shall have the rest of these my Prolegomena next month, and the Commentary the month after—wind and weather permitting, the chief enemies to the nerves and brains of

LANEL.

THE HEADS OF OUR GREAT MEN.

_____“and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house.”

Shakspeare.

WE have just alighted upon a most curious and interesting document, and propose to base upon it a phrenological article. Not that we have become suddenly proselytes to phrenology, and are moved “by all the zeal”

“Which young and fiery converts feel;”

much less that we subscribe to all the crude absurdities put forth in the name.

We have watched the progress which this *soi-disant* science has been making with great interest but much caution; we have seen it assailed by violent denunciation and biting sarcasm, but still advancing steadily in notoriety; we have remarked that few or no scientific men of note embraced it, but remembered the fact that no physician in England, who was over forty years of age when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, ever admitted it to his dying day; we have witnessed the ridiculous pretensions, and the mortifying discomfitures of pretended phrenologists; and last, not least, we have been disquieted by the mountebanks and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who, in this and other cities, gull the public and fill their own pockets, by practising phrenology; we have seen all this, but still thought that the subject merited candid examination.

That phrenologists have thrown much light upon the structure and functions of the brain and nervous system, cannot be denied; that they have given a beautiful and luminous arrangement and nomenclature of the mental powers, its general adoption proves; that they have benefitted mankind by awakening attention to the influence of physical causes and conditions upon intellectual manifestations, is very clear; but that they have not yet been able to make good the extravagant pretensions of some of their disciples, is equally evident.

Had that amiable enthusiast—that keen, though perhaps prejudiced, observer—that truly good and wise man—the lamented Spurzheim—lived but a few years in our land, phre-

nology would have had a fair and full hearing, and been accepted or rejected according to its merits or demerits. But now it is not so ; the subject is lugged distorted before the public ; enthusiasts, charlatans, and adventurers find disciples and tools in spite of their absurdities, while cautious and inquiring minds are apt to quit the subject in disgust with their pretensions, or afraid of the ridicule and suspicion which they are drawing upon phrenology.

We stand upon neutral ground ; we are not reduced by the specious pretences of this new doctrine ; we are not dazzled by the prospect which it holds out of reading the mental and intellectual character upon the brow and head of man, and of improving and perfecting his race by study and observance of the laws of organization ; but, on the other hand, we fear not ridicule—we heed not the denunciation of materialism ! atheism ! and other bug-bear terms used by fools to frighten greater fools. We care not *what* a doctrine teaches, so it be true ; we care not *where* it leads, so long as its path is that of truth ; in that path we are willing to follow on unheedingly, though it terminate in infidelity to all religion ; for religion is true, or it is worthless.

Phrenologists, indeed, complain, with some reason, that their doctrine is made the scape-goat for the faults of all other systems of mental philosophy ; since all the others assume that the mind makes use of the body for its manifestations in this life, and there is no objection made to them ; but the moment that phrenology asserts that the mind makes special use of *certain parts* of the body (the organs of the brain) for its manifestations, the hue and cry of materialism is raised. Again ; phrenologists seem to be annoyed at the charge of irreligion, which is made an objection to their theory, but urged against no others ; for, say they, ours is the only one which distinctly recognises a provision for religious belief, and shows how man is naturally inclined, by a special sentiment, *veneration*, to adore a Supreme Being, and prepared to admit a revelation ; without which preparation, the thunders of Sinai and the blood of Calvary would have been as unheeded by him as they were by the cattle of the fields.

But, on the other hand, phrenologists are very silly to be so sensitive to attacks on their system ; and very unreasonable to expect the world will admit it without severe and long trial. Such ordeal it has not yet undergone ; but it does appear to us that it may be made to do so ; for we see no good reason why we should not examine the evidence of the doctrine without discussing its nature and tendency.

Phrenology need not be attacked by argument ; it is not a

vague doctrine ; it is not an ideality, it stands committed ; for it broadly and boldly lays down certain principles, and it rests upon certain assumed facts ; and if they can be shown to be false, not all the subterfuge of logic can save it. If a philosopher should assert that the mind is weakened in proportion as the body is diminished, as when one limb is lopped off, and that when all four are severed, but half the mental power remains, we should not roll up our sleeves and prepare to batter his doctrine with all our force of argument ; we should quietly look round for facts, and when we had found one limbless body, with a brain as active and powerful as ever, we should proclaim the doctrine false, and hold up the trunk as an *ecce signum*. Why should not phrenology be treated as we would a question of natural history, and the evidence for and against it be sought in nature ? It is useless to ask, as Dr. Sewall does, how can you have cognisance of cerebral development, when the frontal sinus—and the varying thickness between the inner and outer tables of the bones of the cranium modify the external appearance ; the question is not, *how* it can be that a great development of one part of the brain gives a man nice sense of harmony, or how it can be known on the outside of the cranium, even if it does ; but, is it really the fact that a certain organization of the brain is always found in men manifesting a certain character, and that a great development in certain parts indicates certain dispositions, other things being equal ? If it is so, then phrenologists are right ; but they stand on dangerous ground, for if it can be shown, though but in a single case, that the manifestation exists without the organ, then their doctrine falls—aye, though bolstered up by ten thousand cases where the organization *does* correspond with the character.

We have for some time had this view of the subject, and have looked very hard at our neighbors' heads, with a desire to become familiar with general differences and resemblances ; and we must confess, that if we have profited in nothing else, we have learned that in shape, outline, and air, the tops and backs of men's heads, aye, and of women's too, are almost as little alike as their faces.

We have before essayed to apply the doctrine of Lavater ; we have used the facial angle of Camper ; and we have tried a rule of our own, that "chops" and brain exist in inverse proportion ; but we confess we never have felt so well satisfied with any of them as with the general rule to take the ear for a central point, and to say,—all who have a long reach of head from it forward, and but little behind it, are intellectual ; and all who have a great mass of head and brain behind the ear, and a great thickness in the back of the neck, are decidedly

animal. We have never yet known this to fail; and though we have been puzzled by some very low forehead (Gilbert Stuart's was "villanously low,") we have never seen an intellectual man without a long one from the ear forward.

But we have not advanced so far in our researches as to lay unlearned hand upon our neighbors' heads; and we should probably never have thrust any opinions of our own upon the public, but as a sort of introduction to a curious document. The late lamented Doctor Lovell, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, set himself about investigating the claims of phrenology in what seems to us the only fair and philosophical manner, viz. taking measurement of the heads of all persons of his acquaintance, particularly those who were distinguished for any talent.

Below is a paper drawn up by that gentleman and Dr. Braireton; a document of incontestible genuineness, giving the measurement of more than fifty distinguished individuals, among whom are Van Buren, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Marshall, McDuffie, John Quincy Adams, &c.*

No.	Name	Occipital	Occipital	Ear to	Ear to	Destructiveness	Cautiousness	Ideality	Ear to
		Spine to Individuality.	Spine to Ear.	Lower Individuality.	Firmness.	to Destructiveness.	to Cautiousness.	to Ideality.	Comparison.
* No. 1	J. Q. Adams,	7,8	4,2	5,3	6,0	6,1	6,1	5,6	5,6
" 2	J. C. Calhoun,	8,0	4,2	5,0	6,0	6,0	6,0	5,1	5,4
" 3	Henry Clay,	7,9	4,8	5,0	5,3	6,0	6,0	5,8	5,3
" 4	James Barbour,	8,2	4,2	5,2	6,0	6,3	6,2	5,3	
" 5	Samuel L. Southard,	7,9	4,3	5,1	5,5	6,3	5,4	5,2	
" 6	William Wirt,	8,1	4,6	5,2	5,9	6,0	5,4	6,0	5,5
" 7	John McLean,	8,1	5,0	5,1	6,3	6,2	6,1	6,1	5,7
" 8	Martin Van Buren,	7,8	4,3	4,7	5,6	6,4	6,1	6,0	5,1
" 9	Wm. T. Barry,	7,5	3,5	5,0	6,0	6,0	6,0	6,2	6,1
" 10	Judge John Marshall,	8,0	4,5	5,0	5,7	6,2	6,3	5,6	5,4
" 11	" Johnson,	7,8	4,8	5,1	6,0	6,3	5,8	6,0	5,2
" 12	" Trimble,	7,9	4,5	5,1	5,7	6,4	6,2	6,1	5,7
" 13	Gov. L. Woodbury,	7,6	4,5	5,0	6,0	6,2	6,0	6,1	5,7
" 14	Mr. Tazewell,	7,7	4,5	5,0	5,8	6,1	6,0	5,7	5,7
" 15	" McDuffie,	8,2	4,3	5,1	6,0	6,0	6,0	5,8	5,4
" 16	" Cheeves,	8,2	4,1	5,2	6,1	6,1	5,9	6,1	5,7
" 17	" Webster,	8,2	4,4	5,0	6,1	6,3	6,0	6,4	5,6
" 18	Judge Mc P. Berrien,	8,0	4,7	4,8	5,8	6,3	6,1	5,2	5,1
" 19	Mr. Bradlee, Senator Vt.	8,1	4,5	5,1	5,8	5,9	6,0	6,0	5,1
" 20	" Whipple " N. H.	8,2	4,5	5,1	5,6	6,0	5,8	5,8	5,5
" 21	" Hamilton, " S. C.	7,8	4,8	4,7	5,6	6,0	5,9	5,7	5,1
" 22	" Stewart, " Penn.	8,0	5,0	5,1	6,0	6,0	5,7	5,8	5,7
" 23	Judge Henry Baldwin,	8,0	5,0	5,3	6,0	6,2	6,0	6,0	5,8
" 24	Gen. D. Parker,	7,4	4,0	5,3	5,8	6,4	6,1	6,2	6,0
" 25	Col. Roger Jones,	7,8	4,5	4,8	5,3	5,6	5,8	5,7	
" 26	Mr. Mitchell,	7,9	4,7	5,0	6,2	6,2	6,2	6,1	5,4

We subjoin the document entire, in the form of a note ; sure that it will be examined with care by all who are examining phrenology, and regarded with interest by general readers, who can thus place head by head our great men.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will explain the principles of these admeasurements ; and then give the inferences to be drawn from them.

The occipital spine is the lump or knob which every person may feel on the back of his own head, just in the centre of the skull, a little above the nape of the neck ; lower individuality is just between the eyes, where the root of the nose springs from the forehead ; this measurement gives the whole length of the head. The average length of men's heads is seven inches five tenths ; the average length of the fifty-two heads in this table, is seven inches seven tenths, being two tenths of an inch more than common heads. Now, this may seem at first a small matter, but two tenths of an inch added to the length of a man's nose, would make a very different proboscis, and added to the length of the fibre of his brain, might make him longer

	Occipital Spine to Lower Individ.	Occipital Spine to Ear.	Ear to Individuality.	Ear to Firmness.	Destructiveness to Destructiveness.	Cautiousness to Cautiousness.	Ideality to Ideality.	Ear to Comparison.
No. 27 Col. Geo. Bomford,	7,9	4,6	5,0	5,6	6,2	6,2	5,7	5,4
" 28 " N. Towson,	7,4	3,9	4,9	5,5	5,5	5,2	5,3	
" 29 " Geo. Gibson,	7,5	4,5	4,8	5,7	5,9	5,3	5,4	
" 30 Maj. W. Wade,	7,8	4,1	5,1	5,8	5,9	5,0	5,5	5,4
" 31 " Jas. Kearney,	7,4	4,0	5,1	5,6	5,6	5,3	5,6	5,3
" 32 Capt. John Smith,	7,6	4,1	4,8	6,0	5,9	5,6	5,6	5,0
" 33 " Maurice,	8,0	4,6	5,1	5,4	6,0	5,8	5,6	5,3
" 34 Rev. J. N. Campbell,	7,4	4,4	4,8	5,4	5,6	5,3	5,6	3,3
" 35 George Todsen,	7,5	4,4	4,8	5,9	6,6	5,4	5,9	5,3
" 36 Dr. Richard Randall,	7,2	3,4	5,0	6,0	6,0	5,4	5,7	5,9
" 37 " Cutting,	7,9	4,2	5,4	5,8	6,0	5,2	5,6	5,9
" 38 Maj. Vandeventor,	7,0	3,8	4,8	5,7	5,6	5,5	5,3	5,3
" 39 Lieut. John Farley,	7,2	4,0	4,9	5,7	5,9	5,1	5,5	5,3
" 40 " Graham,	7,5	4,3	5,0	5,7	5,9	5,3	5,3	5,2
" 41 " Martin Thomas,	7,4	4,7	4,8	5,3	6,1	5,6	5,9	5,3
" 42 Dr. E. Cutbush,	7,5	4,5	5,1	5,3	5,6	6,0	5,2	5,6
" 43 I. Inman,	8,0	5,0	5,1	6,0	6,1	6,0	5,2	5,2
" 44 James H. Henshaw,	7,6	4,4	4,9	5,7	6,2	5,8	5,7	5,4
" 45 Charles Hill,	7,6	4,3	5,3	5,9	6,2	6,2	6,5	
" 46 Nathaniel Frye,	7,5	4,3	5,0	5,9	6,0	5,0	5,9	
" 47 Lieut. Simonson,	7,3	4,3	5,0	5,2	5,1	5,4	6,0	
" 48 Col. J. L. McKenney,	7,0	3,0	4,9	5,5	6,0	5,7	5,6	5,4
" 49 Dr. J. Lovell, Sur. Gen.	7,6	4,6	5,0	5,4	5,6	5,0	5,5	
" 50 R. Johnson,	7,3	4,0	4,6	5,5	5,7	5,4	5,2	5,1
" 51 Lieut. James Macomb,	7,7	4,3	4,8	5,7	5,9	5,5	5,2	5,2
" 52 Wm. Lee, 2d Auditor.	8,0	4,0	5,0	6,1	6,2	5,8	5,8	5,9

headed than his neighbors in more than one sense of the word. But, *n'importe*, we are looking at the facts; the longest heads are those of Daniel Webster, Langdon Cheeves, James Barbour, and Mr. McDuffie, each measuring eight inches two tenths; or seven tenths of an inch more than the average measure of men's heads.

Next come John McLean and William Wirt, measuring eight inches one tenth; then John C. Calhoun, Judge Marshall, Attorney General Berrien, and Judge Baldwin, each eight inches; next come Henry Clay, Samuel L. Southard, Judge Trimble, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren. These are all longer-headed men than the average of the list; while Levi Woodbury is smaller by one tenth; and the last Post-master, Barry, by two tenths. The shortest head in the list is that of Col. McKenney.

The next measurement is from the cochile, or hollow of the ear, to the occipital spine on the bump felt in the back of the head. It is asserted by some phrenologists that this measurement gives the development of inhabitiveness, or in the vernacular, the disposition to stay at home, attachment to place; but others, schismatics, say it indicates concentrativeness, or power of fixing and concentrating thought. Be this as it may, among those on our list, John McLean and Judge Baldwin are the longest in this direction; next Henry Clay, Judge Johnson, &c. The smallest, and very small (the average being in common men four inches two tenths,) is Col. McKenney, who, (Heaven help him) is tied to home by a fibre of only three inches!! No wonder he has trotted all over the world, and received the appointment of U. S. Indian Agent!

The next line of the table, gives the measurements from the ear forward to individuality, on the centre of the forehead between the eyes. This measurement, when taken in relation to the other measurements of each individual's head, is much relied on by phrenologists as a test of the strength of the perceptive faculties; men who perceive and remember a multitude of individual facts and things, should belong here.

The longest in the list are J. Q. Adams, Judge Baldwin, and Gen. D. Parker. The average length of men's heads in this direction is less than five inches; the above measure five inches three tenths; James Barbour, William Wirt, and Langdon Cheeves each measure five inches two tenths; Judge McLean and Mr. McDuffie measure five inches one tenth. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are a little longer than the average; Van Buren falls considerably short of the mark.

Col. McKenney should be well endowed in the perceptive faculties, for although his fibre measures but four inches nine

tenths, we must recollect that his head is small. The shortest in the list is R. Johnson. Now, among all men we ever met no one can match John Q. Adams for minute and varied knowledge, save and except Lord Brougham.

The next measurement is from the ear to the top of the head, where, it is said, is the organ of firmness ; and the height of the head should indicate the strength of this quality. And here we used to think we had the phrenologists on the hip, judging from some of our own eye measurements ; but, we were told, it must be taken in relation with other qualities ; a man may be firm in vice's cause as well as virtue's, but then, he is called stubborn ; or his firmness may be qualified by caution or cowardice, he may be a confirmed coward, &c. But no matter, we proceed to the measurements. The average of firmness of these men, measured by Gunter's scale, is five inches seven tenths. We find Judge McLean overtops them all, and has a mountain of firmness, measuring six inches three tenths ; next comes Mr. Mitchell of South Carolina, then Messrs. Webster and Cheeves—six inches one tenth ; then, lower but yet high, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Barbour, Johnson, McDuffie, Baldwin, Barry. Van Buren's firmness would never be in his way, being a tenth lower than the average ; Mr. Clay's is three tenths ; and one person, Lt. Simonson, is only five inches and two tenths ! The small firmness, alias, small obstinacy, of Clay, perhaps qualifies him so well for mediator, pacificator.

Now, let us apply the rule and compass the other way, and look at the measurements through the head ; that is, from ear to ear, or rather along the ear from destructiveness to destructiveness, which indicates, also, the size of secretiveness ; it is said to be necessary to statesmen, players, and thieves.

Men generally measure five inches six tenths in this direction ; but the average measure of this list gives seven inches seven tenths ; from whence phrenologists would infer, that our worthies destroy and secrete only in the ratio of one tenth more than the rest of the people ; a very charitable conclusion truly ! The longest is Dr. Todsen of the United States army ; who, *horribile dictu* ! measures six inches and six tenths ! No wonder he was afterwards cashiered for theft ; how could he help it with such a bump ! Next to this unfortunate worthy—and, as if to mark the contrast, and note the folly of phrenological predictions, comes—who ? why, our present magnanimous and open-hearted President, who was then (nine years ago) the innocent and unsophisticated Martin Van Buren !

We feel almost indignant at the insinuation implied in this measurement ; not that we doubt its correctness, or the motives of doctors Lovell and Braireton, but they should have put in

as a salvo the measurement of our President's conscientiousness, which, we think, must be enormous, in order to counterbalance this secretiveness ; for we are confident that nine years ago he had no fixed plans and determinations which he *secreted* from the world.

To be sure Judge Trimble is placed in the same category, and following close after, comes Daniel Webster, whose destructiveness, measuring a tenth less than the President's, is, nevertheless, enormously developed, and probably is

———"the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered,"

to the feathered and finny tribes who are so unfortunate as to frequent his neighborhood. He is rather apt also to attack and destroy the arguments of his opponents. Barbour and Southard also are set down as destructives to the extent of six inches and three tenths ; while McLean, Marshall, Woodbury, and Baldwin go the length of six inches two tenths ; John Quincy Adams and Tazewell, six and one tenth ; even Clay cannot be called a conservative, for he, with Calhoun, McDuffie, and others, go the length of three tenths of an inch more than the average of men in the destructive line.

The next measurement is from cautiousness to cautiousness ; that is, the breadth of the head about four fingers above the ears at the broadest part. Some heads run up in a regular slope from above the ears to the crown ; of course there can be little of the organ of caution there, and phrenologists maintain that this is the characteristic of French skulls ; while other heads bulge out above the ear, having what they call large cautiousness, and they point to the well-known bulge in Hindoo skulls.

Cautiousness, however, we believe, is not now considered by phrenologists to be merely a negative quality, as was taught by Gall ; but a positive one, and more like fear. When this organ is deficient, the individual should be rash and precipitate ; when full, cautious and circumspect ; when very large, irresolute and wavering. Too much in a judge would be a failing, "which leans to virtue's side ;" too much in a soldier would oftener prove his disgrace than his honor ; for one Fabius, who gained the name of Great, we have a thousand Marcelli ; the glitter of the sword dazzles the multitude, but the virtue of the shield is known only to the few.

The first thing which strikes one on examining this part of the table, is the great difference between the measurements of caution in military men, and in the statesmen and judges ; the lat-

ter are all large—some of them very large, the former are small ; the average measurement of the judges and statesmen is six inches, while that of the officers is but five inches and three tenths !

For instance, Judge Marshall has the enormous measurement of six inches and three tenths in the organ of cautiousness—that of the average being only five inches seven tenths ; Judge Trimble and Mr. Barbour measure 6-2, Messrs. Van Buren and Adams, Judges McLean and Berrien, 6-1 ; Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Tazewell, &c. six inches. On the other hand, Major Wade measures only five inches, Lt. Farley 5-1, Col. Towson 5-2, Col. Gibson, Major Kearney, and Lt. Graham 5-3. Most of the rest are below the average ; and only two, General Parker and Col. Bomford, measure over six inches.

The last measurement we shall notice is from ideality to ideality, that is, through the head, just above and behind the temple. Phrenologists suppose that this organ is essential to the poet, though it alone will not make a poet ; he must have, besides, language, time, tune, &c. Ideality in the common man may show itself in his good taste, in dress, furniture, &c. ; in the orator or writer, in his tropes and figures ; in all men, by the conception of, and aspiration to, something finer, better, superior to what it actually is.

In our list, it is largest, and enormously large, in Charles Hill, who was, we believe, an elegant dresser, quite a Corinthian ; he measures six inches five tenths, the average being five inches seven tenths ; Webster is 6-4—[Qy. 6-2 ?] next Messrs. Barry, Parker, Woodbury, Cheeves, Van Buren, Wirt, &c., all of whom have it large. On the other hand, Judges Berrien and Marshall, Adams, Barbour, Southard, fall below the average ; and Calhoun measures only five inches one tenth. The remarkable diminutiveness of this organ, taken with the terseness of his language, which never shows a trope or figure of any kind, is a "coincidence" at least.

The measurements of this paper correct some erroneous impressions which the public generally have ; we always supposed, for instance, that the heads of Judge Marshall and Mr. Calhoun were unfavorable to the phrenological doctrine, as being quite small ; but it seems they are actually large ; and, though narrow, the region of ideality capable of containing a more than usual quantity of brain.

The largest head in the list is that of Daniel Webster, but it is not most to our liking, for there is a goodly share in the animal region ; and though he has "most brains of the bunch," they are not of the very choicest kind.

Phrenologists, looking over these measurements, and without

regarding the names, would say that the best head was No. 7, belonging to Judge McLean, because it is full in the upper or moral region; firmness, and its neighboring veneration, are large; they would call it a well-balanced head, and conclude that its great intellectual power would not be made a pander to the animal propensities. (We ourselves should prefer it; but, lest we should be suspected of a political bias in favor of the latter, we avow that our vote is for Daniel, *malgré*, his occiput.) The next heads, in the order of size, are Judges Baldwin, Marshall, Trimble, and Johnson; Messrs. Cheeves, McDuffie, Wirt, Adams, (a quartetto of the same size); next, Clay, Van Buren, Calhoun, and Southard.

We have stated that we are candid inquirers into the nature of phrenology; we believe we are so; and if the facts shown in this paper are favorable to its pretensions, the fault is not our's, but Nature's; we admire and we adopt the motto of one of its lights, "*res non verba quæso*."

It would have been as easy for us to seek for, and to set forth opposing arguments and facts; and we should have done it in the spirit of the motto just quoted; but as the vast majority of men of learning, and almost all writers, are opposed to phrenology—as it is assailed every day by argument and ridicule—as its opponents are rather uproarious whenever it is seriously mentioned, we deem it but fair *audire alteram partem*.

In plain truth, we are all, to a certain extent, phrenologists; and the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim have no right to claim for their masters the credit of originality, or for themselves the credit of peculiar and new views of nature. No age, since Aristotle's, has been without its philosophers, who pointed out the brain as the organ by which the mind carried on its operations; and it is now generally admitted to be its primary and essential instrument.

A shrewd and practical English philosopher, and an uncompromising anti-phrenologist, writes thus: "Mind, connected with body, can only acquire knowledge slowly through the bodily organs of sense, and more or less perfectly according as these organs and the central brain are perfect. A human being, born blind and deaf, and therefore remaining dumb, as in the noted case of the boy Mitchell, grows up closely to resemble an automaton; and an originally mishapen or deficient brain causes idiocy for life. Childhood, maturity, dotage, which have such differences of bodily powers, have corresponding differences of mental faculties; and as no two bodies, so no two minds, in their external manifestations are quite alike. Fever, or a blow on the head, will change the most gifted individual into a maniac, cause the lips of virgin inno-

cence to utter the most revolting obscenity, and those of pure religion to speak horrible blasphemy ; and most cases of madness and eccentricity can now be traced to a peculiar state of the brain."

What the nature and the powers of the human soul may be, we know not, nor can we know, until it is disembodied and disenthralled ; until this mortal shall put on immortality, and time and space shall be no more ; then, doubtless, the power of ubiquity, and a searching vision to which the diameter of the globe will present no more of an obstacle than does the thinnest glass to the mortal eye, will be among the least of the spiritual powers ; but, until then, if we would study the nature of the spirit, we must consider it as trammelled by and operating through a corporeal organization.

The difference between the vast majority of thinking men and ultra-phrenologists, we believe to be narrowed down to this ; all admit that the spirit of man, manifesting itself through corporeal organization, is influenced, and modified by, and indeed entirely dependent upon, the nature and state of that organization, particularly of the brain and nervous system ; while phrenologists go farther, and say, that according to the length and breadth of certain bundles of fibres in certain compartments of the brain does the spirit manifest its different faculties with different degrees of activity and power.

We all of us admit, that even the giant mind of a Newton or a Napoleon would struggle in vain against the finger of an infant pressing upon the brain ; but phrenologists maintain, that as the finger should be pressed upon one or another organ, so would one or another of the mental powers be immediately affected. Perhaps the truth is between the extremes ; and while we should strive to attain the *juste milieu*, we should not be deterred by any fears of what may be the inferences from searching for truth in observations upon Nature.

S. G. H.

REVIEWS.

Antiquitates Americanae, sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America.

Samling af de i Nordens Oldskrifter, indeholdte Efterretninger om de gamle Nordboers Opdagelsesreiser til America, fra det 10de til det 14de Aarhundrede.

Edidit Societas Regia Antiquariorum Septentrionalium. Hafniæ. Typis Officinæ Schultzianæ. 1837. 4to. pp. 479.

It is now about eight years since circular letters were received in this country, addressed to several historical and antiquarian societies by a committee of the "Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries," at Copenhagen, soliciting information on certain points touching the early history of this continent. This was the commencement of an undertaking that has resulted in the publication of the important volume, whose title, in Latin and Danish, is prefixed to this article. The object of the learned society has been to present to the world a complete view of the evidence, with proper illustrations, of the alleged discovery of our hemisphere by the Scandinavians or Northmen about the commencement of the eleventh century, or five hundred years before the voyages of Columbus. To this end they have published, in the volume before us, the accounts that have long existed in manuscript in the north of Europe, of the early voyages of the Northmen; but as these accounts were written in a language now every where extinct except in Iceland, although once prevalent throughout the countries of the north, the editors have provided translations, accompanying, on the same page the original text, in Latin and Danish; together with a complete body of annotations and a variety of corroborative matter, also in Latin. In addition to these materials, the volume contains in English the several communications of the Rhode Island Historical Society, written in answer to the circular letters already mentioned, chiefly relating to the celebrated inscription Rock near Dighton, and other similar monuments found in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, of which drawings are annexed to the volume. No other American Society seems to have interested itself in the inquiries of the Danish Society, and it redounds

very much to the credit of the Rhode Island gentlemen, that they have thus taken the lead in a matter of great historical interest, which has never been properly appreciated in our country. The light now thrown upon it by the indefatigable labors of the learned Danes who have taken the subject in hand, will serve not only to develop more distinctly the true character of the claims of the Northmen, but also to attract general attention to the evidence upon which they are founded.

It may be confidently asserted that no historical work has been looked for with more anxious expectation by those who knew of its being in progress, than the present; and we do not say too much in stating, that the contents of the volume are fully adapted to meet and richly reward the highest expectations that have been entertained. It is published in a style corresponding to the great interest and value of the materials of which it is composed, forming a volume of large quarto size, which, in beauty of typography and the elegance of its embellishments, will compare favorably with the best class of English publications. It is understood that it is to the accomplished editor, Professor Rafn, of the University of Copenhagen, the public is indebted for the appearance of the work at the present time—as the various objects in which the Danish Society is engaged require the use of all its funds, without leaving any provision for this undertaking until the lapse of several years: but the learned Professor, having its completion very much at heart, generously levied upon his own private resources to carry it through, trusting to the interest the work would excite in both hemispheres for his reimbursement. We hope he will not be disappointed in the result, and that his liberal zeal will not go unrequited.

Next to Professor Rafn, the name of Finn Magnusen, a native of Iceland, and a man of great learning, should be mentioned as that of an efficient collaborator in this laborious enterprise. Many of the annotations are from his pen. At the time of Sir George McKenzie's scientific tour in Iceland, more than twenty years ago, this gentleman, who had been bred to the law, was distinguished for his attainments in the language and antiquities of the Northmen, to which his attention has been almost exclusively devoted since that period. Among the subjects connected with the elucidation of the American voyages of that people, none holds a more important place, perhaps, than the interpretation of Runic inscriptions, such as are found marked in the rude monuments of the Scandinavians in the countries they inhabited in Europe, and some of which, it is believed, have been brought to light in this country. In these matters Mr. Magnusen is especially skilled; and several inscriptions, found in various places in the north of Europe, which had defied all previous attempts to decipher their meaning, have been satisfactorily explained by him. It is, of course, therefore, an argument of no common power in favour of the early settlement of, or visits to, this continent by the Northmen, that this profound antiquary pronounces the Dighton Rock a genuine Scandinavian monument, inscribed with characters to which

he is able to assign their true meaning. The results of his examination are contained in an article published in the volume before us, (written in Latin,) to which he has subscribed his name.

The substance of the narratives now edited from the original manuscripts, was given to the world, in a Latin dress, by an Icelandic writer named Torfæus, as long ago as the year 1705. That publication, however, met with little attention beyond the limits of the Scandinavian kingdoms, until, some sixty or seventy years after its appearance, the same accounts were transferred to a work published in England by Bishop Percy, under the name of *Northern Antiquities*, which was chiefly a translation of a French work by Mallet, a German, then residing at Copenhagen. Forster, the German navigator, next took up the subject in his *History of Voyages to the North*, first published also in the last century, who gave implicit credence to the accounts. But, although these writers were copied by some of our American historians, it was done with so little confidence in the truth or reality of the alleged voyages, that few readers have thought it worth while to bestow a thought on the subject, regarding it all as a matter of mere moonshine. Had we not been taught from our very childhood that "America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa;" and was it credible that the world had been mistaken in this matter for so long a period as more than three hundred years? And was it reasonable or *decent* to tear away from the brows of the brave old admiral the laurels he had so nobly earned and so long worn, to transfer them to some northern pirate or freebooter of the dark ages, of whom nobody had ever before heard? The idea was preposterous in the extreme, and was not to be entertained for a moment. No respectable historian, therefore, deigned to notice the subject, except to sneer at the assumption of the Northmen; and even Mr. *Bancroft*, in his recent work on the United States, which discovers so much laudable research, has treated the whole matter in the usual style of contemptuous skepticism, or rather avowed unbelief, referring the newly-discovered country to a southern point of Greenland, when the very harbor from which the Northmen sailed for our shores was itself in that part of Greenland.*

* The January number of the *North American Review* contains a lucid and highly valuable article in relation to this subject, from the pen of the accomplished chief magistrate of Massachusetts, as it is generally understood, who rightly deemed the matter as deserving of an elaborate examination at his hands. He has come to the conclusion, as every one must, as we suppose, who peruses the evidence, that the Northmen visited our continent at the period above mentioned. In naming the writers who have not admitted the truth of the accounts, the learned Reviewer mentions the authors of a work not long since re-published by the Messrs. *Harper* from the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, under the title of "Discoveries in the Polar Regions," &c., the joint production of Mr. Hugh Murray and Professors Jamieson and Leslie. It is a little singular, however, that in this matter the book contradicts itself; Mr. Murray, in his part of it, assigns the locality of the land discovered by the Northmen to the south-west of Greenland, in which he has been followed by Mr. *Bancroft*, as stated above; while Professor Leslie, in the part of the work written by him, establishes by argu-

But the evidence now published under the respectable auspices of the Danish Society, places the subject in a new light, and cannot henceforth be passed over by the American historian without at least diligent examination. The public, hereafter, will exact thus much of their historical providers.

Let us, however, do justice to the few American writers who form an exception to the foregoing remarks. Dr. Belknap, the excellent historian of New Hampshire and the author of an able work of American Biography, has, in the latter publication, treated the claims of the Northmen to the discovery of our continent with due respect. A similar remark may be applied to the late Dr. Hugh Williamson, the philosophical writer of the history of North Carolina; and Mr. Moulton should not be forgotten in the same connexion, whose single volume of the history of our own State was so creditable a specimen of industrious research. The latter derived his information respecting the voyages in question from a Swedish work, translated for his purposes by the late Mr. Gahn, Swedish consul. Mr. Wheaton's recent work relating to the Northmen, written during the author's official residence at Copenhagen, is the most satisfactory of all, owing to the author's familiarity with the languages of the north of Europe, and easy access to manuscript authorities. To this work we can refer our readers with great confidence, as containing a clear and authentic account of the early discoveries of the Northmen, as well as an interesting history of the north of Europe during the middle ages.

Having thus endeavored to convey some idea of the subject of the volume before us, we must leave it for the present with the promise of returning to it at some future time.

Ethel Churchill; or, The Two Brides. By the Author of "The Improvisatrice," "Francesca Carrara," &c. 2 vols. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

LOVE, Everlasting Love, is the title which has been given in London to L. E. L. in consequence of her fondness for singing the blind god. But with equal justness she might be called Sorrow, Everlasting Sorrow; for her harp seems attuned to none but mournful strains. Now, both love and sorrow are pregnant and admirable themes; but too much of a good thing, says Solomon,

ment what has since been demonstrated by actual exploration, that the Greenland Colony, from which the Northmen sailed on their discoveries, was itself situated in the south-western extremity of Greenland. The same erroneous idea thrown out by Mr. Murray in the publication referred to, is also advanced in his great work entitled, the "Encyclopedia of Geography."

or some other wise personage, is good for nothing. "Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper," was a monotony which greatly excited the ire of a dramatic hero; and even rabbits will become tiresome if served up every day, as the grace of a worthy chaplain who lived with a noble lord, whose warren was better stocked than his larder, abundantly testifies.

Of rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Of rabbits young and rabbits old,
Of rabbits roasted, rabbits boil'd
Of rabbits hash'd and rabbits broil'd,
Of rabbits fried and rabbits stewed,
Of rabbits bad and rabbits good,
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough—
Thank thee, Lord, we've had enough!

Nature is variety, and therefore variety, within proper limits, never wearies. Monotony is fatiguing because it is unnatural. A lyre of but two tones is not Apollo's. One might suppose that Miss Landon is the withering victim of crushed affection; that the damask of her cheek had been the food—if not of the worm, concealment—at least of the scorpion, disappointment. But we can bear witness that such was not the case a few years ago, when we had the pleasure of meeting her at a ball in London.

Before seeing her, we had pictured to our mind's eye a pale, delicate, languishing creature; and were, of course, not at all prepared for an introduction to a lady of decided *embonpoint*, with a full-orbed face, a pleasant and pleasing countenance, and sprightly conversation. Truly, thought we, as we gazed upon her with no little interest, "melancholy has not certainly marked you for her own, with any external signs at least, whatever impression she may have made upon the inward being;" and all the pretty sentimental speeches, we had previously resolved upon putting forth, went completely out of our head through some other aperture than the mouth.

In all highly imaginative temperaments, indeed, is an irresistible proneness to melancholy. Every leaf that fades is for them a memento of death. However bright and sparkling the waters on the surface, there is an under-current, darksome and gloomy, which ever and anon swells up, and colors the surrounding waves with its own sombre hues, *surgit amari aliquid*. It is this melancholy of the imagination rather than of the heart that we are inclined to ascribe to our authoress. There is luxury in the former, torture in the latter; and the heart shrinks from the idea of baring itself to the chill atmosphere of an unsympathizing world. "Give sorrow words," to be sure; but the words must be uttered to the ear of affection. That grief, which is always babbling about itself to every body, does not command the fullest belief in its intensity. "I am tired," said Curran in reference to the eternal lamentations of Byron, "of seeing his Lordship weep for the press and wipe his eyes with the public;" and the public is very apt to get tired too, and leave the weeper to

dry his tears *solus*. The 'fons lacrymarum' is too sacred to be pumped up pro bono publico on all occasions.

All Miss Landon's novels are deeply steeped in that same lachrymose fountain, inculcating lessons fitted to deaden the energies, cloud the very sun of hope, and turn the world into one immense house of mourning. This is false philosophy and false religion. "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," and rejoice in their loveliness and fragrance; only remembering that they are not the flowers on which to centre your affections. Religion is cheerfulness, and God never intended this beautiful world to resound with nothing but the voice of woe. Miss L. is unquestionably a woman of genius. She often strikes responsive chords with a skilful and powerful hand; and she can

"Clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn ;"

but her genius is not of the highest order—not equal to a sustained flight "through the azure depths of air"—not capable of grappling with the more subtle and potent springs of human action. She has little or no dramatic power, except, perhaps, in her dialogue; little knowledge of many of the mysteries of that most intricate labyrinth, the human soul.

As a novel, we are not disposed to extol the present production. The story is loosely, even clumsily, put together; there is no direct nor absorbing interest; the various streams, as it were, on which the attention is made to float, never meet in one broad, all-engrossing channel; the incidents are often common-place or unnatural in the extreme, and the characters want that fulness, distinctness, and individuality which tempt you to believe that the picture is a living, sentient being. Clap-traps and melo-dramatic situations in very bad taste are lamentably abundant. Ethel's escape from marriage from Trevanion is certainly one of the most extraordinary *coups de theatre* imaginable. The magistrate arrived in the very nick of time, and played the *deus ex machinâ* to perfection. The whole finale of Lady Marchmont is as ridiculous as it is horrible; and nothing can be more strained and bombastic than the account of the death of the gentleman whom she sends to the other world so early in the morning.

Her ladyship is evidently the favorite of our authoress; but she got hold of a character in her which she did not well know how to manage. The execution is spirited and brilliant to a certain extent, but not always consistent; and it is marred by a most lame and impotent conclusion. There is something very unfeminine and repulsive in the way in which the Countess is made to speak of her husband, and no woman could so speak, unworthy as might be the being with whom she is yoked, who possesses the refinement and elevation of soul with which she is depicted as being endowed. Her

love too for such a coxcomb as Sir George Kingston is incongruous in the extreme, and calculated to render her contemptible. It is impossible to conceive how such a man could ever gain the mastery over such a woman. How much more effective might the story have been made by giving Maynard a brilliant career, and bringing her in contact with him when he is in the midst of it, and reviving her early love ! Why she is described as having once loved him, it is difficult to suppose as the story now stands ; it only heightens the incomprehensibility of her passion for Sir George.

The heroine, Ethel, is as uninteresting as heroines always are—far too perfect for the sympathy of poor erring mortals. Why *must* every heroine be a faultless monster ? Constance is a lovely sketch, with great delicacy of touch and exquisiteness of finish, but still a sketch. Her letter to her father is beautiful exceedingly. Lavinia Fenton, too, is not an unsuccessful attempt to bring the immortal "Polly" again upon the stage, and Lady Mary Wortley is hit off with considerable skill. There is often great spirit and brilliancy in the dialogue between her and Lady Marchmont. Norbonne Courtenay is as much like all heroes—for heroes, whether of novels or of battles, "are all the same, the point's agreed,"—as Ethel is like all heroines. His forced marriage with Constance is brought about in an absurd manner enough ; for what *shame* could attach to the discovery of his mother's not having been *legally* married, since she had been *lawfully* so in the sight of God and man ? Her dreadful apprehensions lest it should be found out that the laws of England had not sanctioned her nuptials, as if her honor were involved in the concealment of the circumstance, show that Miss Landon had not studied with great attention the case of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who certainly never lost her reputation by her union with George IV., however much at variance the ceremony may have been with the Royal Marriage act and parliamentary statutes. Walter Maynard is in many respects an affecting and truthful picture of the hopes, the struggles, the heart-sickness of youthful genius. "None but an author knows an author's cares ;" and we cannot doubt that much that has brightened and saddened her own literary history, is here transcribed. No one who has ever felt the slightest glow of the fever that burnt in Maynard's veins, can avoid feeling his pulse quicken and his bosom swell as he follows the record of the young poet's career. Yet much more, it seems to us, might have been made out of him ; and much more, we are inclined to think, our author intended to make out of him when she began the work ; but she was unfortunately tempted to hasten her labor upon the preparation of that supper of horrors, which she has provided with such tremendous profusion.

"Ethel Churchill," then, is not fitted to elevate the fame of L. E. L. as a novelist to the loftiest pinnacle ; but it is a book which must inspire great and universal admiration for her intellect in other respects. Few works of the kind are so rich in eloquent passages, so adorned with beautiful thoughts, and even with observations

which may be called profound—not unfrequent as may be the fanciful and fallacious ideas, the “crude, unruminated” opinions (to use an admirable phrase of Bolingbroke) which it contains; so full of feelings gushing from the soul, and redolent of its earnestness and inspiration—all clothed in a diction graceful, poetical, and often picturesque and brilliant. The original verses at the heads of the chapters are some of the most exquisite gems, “of purest ray serene,” which have ever dropped even from her bejewelled pen.

On the Sense of Touch; or, Physiology and Philosophy opposed to Materialism and Atheism, &c. &c. By J. AUGUSTINE SMITH, M. D., M. R. C. S. L., &c. &c. &c.

“FROM what we daily see and hear,” remarks Dr. Smith, “it is evident that, as regards the world, any thing will pass for philosophy, or even fact, provided *mind* be the subject.” We really wish this remark had been original with the Doctor, because we purpose to commend it, which is more than we can say for most things else which we find in the essay before us. This is unfortunate—extremely unfortunate at once for ourselves and for Dr. Smith: unfortunate for ourselves, because we have been accused of being to a degree unamiable in our criticisms; whereas none know better than the subjects of some of our occasional strictures in times past, how much such sufferers owe to the milk of human kindness with which we abound: and unfortunate for the Doctor, as, we apprehend, the tenor of our remarks is about to demonstrate.

Dr. Smith’s essay in itself affords the best illustration of the general truth of the proposition he has chosen to lay down to us; inasmuch as, for the past four or five months, viz. since the sixth day of November in the year of grace last past, (on which occasion it was given to the public in the form of a lecture) the discourse we are considering has, we understand, been “passing” for philosophy about town, and has been possibly received by some as a valuable contribution to metaphysical science. There is no danger, it is true, that Dr. Smith’s superficiality will ever pass for what it pretends to be, any farther than (to use his own words in the sense intended) “as regards the world.” His “muscipular abortion of a parturient mountain” will introduce no revolution into the logic of metaphysical investigations, nor probably disturb very far the equanimity of those, whom his compassionate magnanimity leads him commonly to denominate his “unfortunate opponents.” It is entirely, therefore, a work of supererogation to put to a violent death a production which hardly carries within itself the seeds of a very ephemeral vitality. Still, it is possible for shallowness to assume an air of such pretension as to render us, in our disgust, impatient even of the brief duration of its natural existence.

The avowed object of Dr. Smith in his essay is to render an important service to the cause of natural religion ; and this by demonstrating, in the first place, the immateriality of the soul, and in the second, the existence of a supreme ruler of the universe. With every honest effort to benefit the world, we have a predisposition to be gratified. We are philanthropists ; and in precisely so far as the good of his fellow-men rather than his own renown has been the aim of Dr. Smith, do we approve of the motive which prompted his argument, and lament the feebleness of the argument itself. In every controversy, the cause of truth must inevitably suffer more from untenable assumptions or illogical reasonings on the parts of its champions, than from all the batteries of its antagonists.

Dr. Smith has spread out a very little matter over a very unnecessary extent of surface. We shall proceed, very briefly, to analyze his argument, and to expose its utter fallacy. A few words, however, in the first place, as to the manner in which the design has been executed. Taken together, the whole essay presents the choicest specimen of unmitigated pedantry, which it has been our lot for a long time to meet. This is especially true of the array of notes, which seem to have been appended to the essay in order to show the extent of the author's reading ; and this remark may be applied with augmented force to one or two long, stupid, quite unnecessary communications, addressed by the Doctor, some time in January or February last, to the editor of the *Churchman*, in rejoinder to a passing notice of the essay by that gentleman. Such things may do for Sophomores ; but, we may be permitted to say, they are quite unbecoming in a gentleman of the years, and occupying the position of Dr. Smith. There is, in the next place, an air of self-complacency, a kind of assumption of superior wisdom, in the style in which the Doctor propounds his own opinions, and speaks of his opponents and their views, which is offensively obvious on the most cursory perusal of his pages. This spirit manifests itself in the remarkable prominence given every where to the first person, and in that considerate benevolence with which, as we have before remarked, he speaks of his "unfortunate" antagonists, or in that more playful familiarity with which he occasionally denominates them his "friends," even while suggesting the propriety that they should "submit to be impaled." Of their ultimate impalement on the point of his argument, he entertains no doubt ; and, under that impression, he is unquestionably right in thinking that the less they kick and scrabble about it, the better. All this is undignified and unbecoming the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New-York. Finally, the style in which Dr. Smith expresses himself is uncouth, obscure, and inelegant to the last degree. A few examples will best illustrate the truth of this remark :

"I regret, then, that our friends must submit to be impaled. For they are

obliged to accept of our mind, with their matter, or relinquishing mind, matter goes along with it; and so far as it is practicable for them to ascertain, themselves, the earth and the universe keep it company."

"Having thus denuded, and thereby been able to rectify the errors of my unfortunate opponents, with one further remark I will submit my cause to their—I flatter myself—now enlightened common sense."

"It is proved, as I think, by those ingenious gentlemen, the astronomers, that while we are here in a state of apparently perfect quietude and repose, we are actually whirling through space, heels over head, ten times as fast as ever a cannon-ball 'winged its way.'"

But to the argument itself—and our readers ought to feel themselves much obliged to us, for the pains we have taken to sift out, from the two bushels of absurdity in which they are enveloped, the few grains of meaning of which it is composed. First, in regard to the immateriality of the soul. Assuming that our belief in the existence of matter rests chiefly on the evidence afforded us by the sense of feeling, the Doctor laboriously demonstrates that we cannot *feel* matter, and can therefore have no absolute knowledge that it exists. He then goes on to show that the universal belief on this subject proceeds from a mental operation, in which the mind, perceiving a *sensation*, infers the existence of a *quality*, and presumes that of a *substratum*, to which this quality appertains. The consciousness of such a mental operation sufficiently demonstrates the being of a mind which operates. The existence of matter, then, is only presumed or inferred; but that of mind is certain. *Ergo*, the mind is not material.

Will it be permitted to our ignorance to suggest to such profundity a modification of its logic? We do not absolutely know the existence of material things. We presume them only to exist; however fair, under the circumstances, the presumption may seem. There *may*, then, be no matter, and the mind *may* therefore be immaterial. If, like Berkeley, whose arguments on the subject stood in no need of reinforcement from the sapience of our author, the Doctor chooses to consider it demonstrated that matter actually does not exist; then, indeed, it must follow that no such sordid element can enter into the composition of the mind. But to this extent he is not disposed to go. Though we are originally unconscious of the existence of outward things, our belief in their reality he regards as a just one. His argument rests solely on the fact that we cannot attain this belief, except by means of mental action, which action must be accompanied by a previous certain consciousness of the existence of the mind which acts. Of the *existence* of the mind—not of the *nature of its substance*. For, were we conscious of this nature, and conscious that it is not material, then there would be no longer room for argument, and the doctrines of materialism would be intuitive absurdities.

But though we have stated the Doctor's main argument, we have not stated all its minor ramifications. In acquiring our ideas of matter, he tells us we must conceive it, of necessity, as existing

out of the mind, and as existing in time and space. In other words, the particular material things of which the mind takes cognizance, are not the mind itself. Does Dr. Smith imagine that any "unfortunate" materialist, since time began, has been guilty of the stupidity of confounding his own intellect with the outward objects on which it is exercised? What does this conviction of the "outness" of matter, discovered by the aid of the touch to exist, prove in regard to the soul which recognizes its existence? Will the Doctor claim, because *all* matter is not mind, and is not the particular mind which acknowledges its existence, that therefore all mind is not matter?

We can parallel this reasoning. The mind is conscious of its own existence, but not of its spiritual nature. It knows, intuitively, nothing of the substance either of mind or matter. By reasoning, by instruction, by any mode the reader may please, it learns to believe in the being of ethereal essences. Mental action is necessary to the acquisition of this belief. The beings presumed to exist may be angels or demons, but whatever they are, they are foreign to the mind itself. What is the inference according to Dr. Smith? Why that, inasmuch as the mind cannot be that which, by supposition, it is not—an entity out of itself, and as this entity is spiritual, therefore the mind is not spiritual, but material. In view of such argumentation, we know not whether most to pity or to despise; its weakness strongly moves us to the former sentiment; while the pretentiousness, with which it is paraded before us, in the essay we are considering, almost irresistibly awakens our utter contempt.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no materialists. We are as fully convinced as Dr. Smith can be of the ethereality, as well as of the immortality of the soul; but our conviction is far from resting upon his arguments. In fact, were such inanity our sole foundation for the creed we hold, we should be ashamed to avow our sentiments. Yet, if it be not heretical, we must be permitted to say that the great aversion of such men as Dr. Smith, and others much greater than he, to the doctrine of a material substratum in the human mind, is at once both foolish and ridiculous. What matter is it to us, so long as we know that our souls are incorruptible and immortal, whether they be constituted of a substance material or otherwise? Considering the question in a point of view merely philosophical, it is well to penetrate as nearly as possible to the truth; but in every other point of view it is nonsense double distilled, to decry the notion of the materiality of mind. It is the perfection of puriality to talk of *self-respect* as in any manner justly involved in the decision of the question. Could any man, by reasoning, absolutely demonstrate to us the nature of the thinking essence, we should feel ourselves obliged to him, because he would have added, independently of revelation, one item to the sum of our knowledge. On this score, however, we are under no obligation to Dr. Smith; nor, though he has given evidence of his disposition to

quarrel with his reviewers, do we apprehend that any further verbosity from his pen which our comments may provoke, will create the obligation he has already failed to confer.

The second part of the Doctor's argument relates to the being of a God. In this he considers the origin of the belief, common to all nations, whether civilized or savage, in the existence of a superintending power, who holds in his hands the destinies of the universe. We suppose him right in concluding that this cannot be traced to a deduction from physical or from final causes. We believe him wrong in assigning it to "the workmanship of the mind itself." It would be idle to examine at length an argument, in which, reasoning by exclusion, he rejects the notion of traditional knowledge, with hardly a word; more especially as he adduces, in this connection, the case of a person deaf, dumb, and blind, who is not known to have any idea of a supreme being; and who, if possessed of such a notion, enjoyed the ample opportunities of acquiring it, antecedently to the loss of the important senses of seeing and hearing. The Doctor has been misinformed in the instance of Julia Brace, both in respect to his premises and his conclusion. No one knows, in the first place, what are her ideas on the point under consideration; and every one, who knows any thing of her, knows also that she lost her hearing and sight at the age of four years, and that whatever change might have supervened at a later period, she employed her speech, while it remained, in profaning the name of the being whose existence Dr. Smith supposes her to have recognized by intuition.

There remains but one point farther in the essay before us deserving of attention. It is Dr. Smith's method with the atheists, drawn from a consideration of the laws of matter. He tells us, that if the universe had a beginning, it must have been brought into being by some power independent of itself; and that if the laws of the material world have not been co-existent with matter itself, *they* must have been instituted by a superior power. If, then, from the consideration of the physical laws, it appears that they cannot have been eternally in operation, they must have been instituted *in time*, and consequently must have had an author. He instances the chemical laws; and assumes that if these be allowed to operate on any mass of matter, they will ultimately reduce it to a state of quiescence. But natural chemical changes are still going on in the world, and therefore the laws on which they depend have not yet been in operation sufficiently long to produce their legitimate effect. Yet, had the world endured from eternity, there would have been abundant time for the quiescence, to which they tend, to have been brought about. The world has therefore had a beginning, and, of course, a creation.

Upon this argument we find it necessary to bestow the commendation of ingenuity. It is, beyond doubt, the best thing in this mass of matters, little good. Still, who is convinced by it? Who does not perceive that the Doctor, in urging it, is overstepping the bounda-

ries of human science? Is the Doctor fully acquainted with the operation of all the electrical laws, by which compounds, which yield to no chemical re-agents, are dissolved into their original elements, and present themselves in a state to form new combinations *ad infinitum*? Does he take into consideration the fact, that hardly can any three substances, diverse in their nature, be brought into contact without producing a galvanic circle? Does he feel himself competent to reason, from the phenomena of a paltry mixture in a gallipot, to the stupendous operations going on far beyond the reach of human scrutiny, in the bowels of the earth? Sagacious Doctor Smith! Most sapient reasoner, both in physics and metaphysics! Let us beseech you in future to attend to matters in your own vocation, and cease to obfuscate sounder brains with laborious obscurities upon those, which it is not given you to comprehend.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. Part Sixth. By
J. G. LOCKHART. Carey, Lea & Co.

WE imagine that this part will be considered the most interesting of all which have been issued. There are many causes which concur to make it so. It contains, as it were, the denouement of the plot, which we have thus far followed with continually increasing anxiety. All that has gone before appears to tend but to this result, and from most that follows we involuntarily shrink in anticipative horror.

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion."

In the first chapters of this Part, we see Scott in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures that give zest to life. Presiding over a magnificent establishment, happy in the smiles of a delightful family, surrounded by troops of friends, rich in fame and in the esteem of his contemporaries, and endowed with an unusually cheerful temperament, he seems, at the age of fifty-five, to have united almost every qualification for earthly happiness. In the space of a single year we see him, by a series of dreadful blows—coming, with almost the suddenness and scathe of successive flashes of lightning—deprived, by death or separation, of those whom he held dearest; stripped of his possessions; and left in his old age desolate, to struggle with difficulties, against which few in the prime and vigor of life could have borne up.

The chapter which contains the account of his excursion to Ireland in the summer of 1825, just before the failure of the houses in which he was involved, is particularly interesting, from the number

of amusing anecdotes with which it is crowded. The sketches of manners and national peculiarities which it gives, are very easy and graphic. We copy the following brief relation as indicating Sir Walter's tone of thought, and as a specimen of Mr. Lockhart's style of narrative. Speaking of Scott's freedom from the vulgar prejudice that men of genius are in a manner exempt from the social responsibilities which govern common minds, he continues:—

"I cannot forget how much I was struck at the time by some words that fell from one of them, (Sir Walter, and Miss Edgeworth to whom they were on a visit,) when, in the course of a walk in the park at Edgeworthstown, I happened to use some phrase which conveyed, (though not, perhaps, meant to do so) the impression that I suspected poets and novelists of being a good deal accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials for art. A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said:—'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head:—are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that any body can be worth much care, who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends or neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider every thing as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.' *Maria* did not listen to this without some water in her eyes—her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched—for, as Pope says, 'the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;') but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, 'You see how it is—Dean Swift said that he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.'"

The above extract, as we have said, besides its intrinsic excellence, may serve as a fair sample of the biographer's manner. It is generally, as might be expected, graceful and pleasing. He sometimes, however, in speaking of individuals, chooses to adopt a free and easy style of allusion, which is any thing but consonant with our sense of propriety and courtesy. The affectation of calling Miss Edgeworth, *Maria*, is intolerable.

The most valuable portion of this *livraison* is, beyond question, the Diary begun by Scott in November, 1825. It was commenced in consequence of seeing some fragments of Byron's note-book, the plan of which struck his fancy. The difference of the two journals is very characteristic. That of Byron consists of some rapid and careless notices of passing events, a few interesting reminiscences, witty and pungent criticisms on men and books, with here and there some singular and striking observation evincing the power of a morbid temperament. Scott's runs on in an easy flow of narrative gossip, amusing anecdote, shrewd remark and serious reflection; all indicative, even in his saddest moments, of a naturally cheerful and healthy mind. It is a mental mirror, wherein we see every feature and movement of the intellectual man. In this case it acquires peculiar in-

terest from the period of his life to which it refers. We do not know if we can look upon the worldly reverse, which overtook Scott at the time, as a misfortune of so heavy a nature as it was then regarded. Without it, there were many who would have imagined that his aspirations were too exclusively directed to objects of vulgar and worldly estimation,—that rank, wealth, and reputation were the ends for which he tasked the resources of his amazing intellect. Unless we had seen him amid the wreck of all his earthly prospects and the sundering of his dearest ties, through bodily pain and mental depression bending himself, almost without a murmur, to the heavy responsibilities brought upon him—not by his own fault, but by the carelessness and extravagance of others—the world would have wanted one of the noblest examples of a conscientious spirit, supreme over every accident and through the severest trials.

We cannot afford space to extract as extensively as we could wish from this Diary. One passage, however, we cannot allow to pass without comment, though it has been already a good deal bandied about in the public papers. Speaking of Cooper, during his visit to Paris, Scott briefly observes :

“ This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen.” p. 549.

So far as this remark relates to Mr. Cooper, we have nothing to say ; but as it conveys a kind of national imputation, which is, moreover, several times reiterated in the course of this Biography, we think it worth while to inquire, what particular style of “ manners ” we must adopt if we would escape this stigma. Perhaps we shall gain some light from Scott’s remarks, in another place, on conversational address :

“ The art of quiet, easy, entertaining conversation is, I think, chiefly known in England. * * * George Ellis was the first converser I ever knew ; his patience and good breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off upon some favorite topic. Richard Sharp is so celebrated for this peculiar gift, as to be called *Conversation Sharp*. *The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity.* You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover to what extent he entertains them.‡ His politeness is inconsistent with energy.” p. 538.

There may be some question as to the correctness of the opinion here expressed, that the highest degree of conversational tact and social politeness must be founded in insincerity, and is incompatible with energy. But if such be really the case, we heartily congratulate our countrymen on their deficiency in the “ art.”

Yankee Notions; a Medley. By TIMOTHY TITTERWELL, Esq.
2d edition, with illustrations by D. C. Johnston. Boston:
Otis, Broaders & Co.

WE like wit and humor quite as well as your inveterate joke hunters, and are equally disposed to admire a good thing whenever we are so happy as to meet with it; but with the best disposition in the world for fun and sport, we have been able to find little entertainment in the present volume. There are some good things in the book, but, like Gratiano's talk, mixed up with "an infinite deal of nothing; his reasons are as two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff." Like a rusty gun, for every full report, the author's wit hangs fire a hundred times. There is an unfair attempt in the preface to forestall the reader's good opinion, and prevent his censure by some remarks hitched on to a passage of Falstaff, complaining of the moping spirit of the age, and commending good humor, of which latter Mr. Titterwell stands the representative. People will laugh as heartily now as ever over a good joke, even though their faces should emerge uncommonly long at the conclusion of this volume. This book bears the same relation to a work of genuine humor that a simpering, unmannerly titter does to a genial hearty laugh; it has hardly the merit of your clumsy honest guffaw. We do not care to point out the particular dull papers. It is a pleasanter task to mention the good ones, leaving it to the reader, if he ventures farther upon the rest, to reap the fruits of his temerity. Benoni Burdock, the little man, is a fair sketch, and Josh Beanpole's Courtship a good Yankee story. For the rest, they are "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Johnston's illustrations are admirable, and do something towards redeeming the volume.

Scriptural Anthology: or, Biblical Illustrations. By N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

A CANDID critic often finds it necessary, in the discharge of his duty to the public, to engage in the performance of a service said to have been dear to Apollo—the sacrifice of asses. An immolation of this description is in some sense forced upon us in the present instance. Now-a-days, if a member of the rhyming tribe succeeds in bringing words to jingle together at the ends of lines possessing generally the requisite number of feet, and in transforming plain prose into the form of "blank verse;" if he can procure a publisher, and twenty readers, including a printer, four pressmen, and a devil, he is straightway a poet, and needs nothing farther but

to mendicant praise in large quantities, for some friendly "Little Pedlington Observer" or "Eatanswill Gazette." The truth is, we are "over-poeted" with this small fry in the United States; and we greatly need some modern Gifford to come down upon such literary *dii minores*—who jostle each other in their struggling march toward the foot of Parnassus—with a weapon swung round like a flail. Some scores of small-beer poetasters, who imagine they can supply, by word-elaboration, the defects of nature, and whose "poetical license" is synonymous with writing without ideas or information, would then soon find their level.

A short time since there appeared in the Knickerbocker a review of the book whose title is given at the head of this notice. The comments on, and extracts from, the work, sufficiently established its character in our estimation; the more easily, perhaps, that we knew the criticisms of our contemporary were more frequently too lenient than severely just; and we hailed the review in question, as well as one or two of a similar stamp in previous numbers of the same periodical, as evidence that a due regard to the health of our literature had prompted a change, in some degree, of its critical habitudes. Chance afterward threw into our way voluminous newspaper proof, that the shots of the Knickerbocker had "told" with good effect, and that the bard was not one who could with propriety jest at scars, for he had felt wounds. He had worked himself into a lamentable state of worry, and was striving to fussify himself into notoriety.

Well,—the continuous complaints poured forth, week after week, in one or two local papers, of no clearly-defined character, wherein the poetical Used Up could infuse his tale of woe, either in person or by proxy, impelled us, through pure sympathy, to a procurement of the volume in question. We have thoroughly perused it; and, notwithstanding the modest author claims for himself a "high degree of poetical excellence," and describes the book as "blending exalted sentiment and devotional fervor with the enchantments of poetry"—(we say "the author," because the affectation of a "publisher's preface" is too transparent to escape detection)—notwithstanding this attempted forestalment of opinion, we shall express our judgment of Mr. Brooks's 'poetry' with that candor and fearlessness which we intend shall always characterize the critical notices of the American Monthly.

Honestly, then, we consider Mr. "N. C. Brooks, A. M.," as a writer who can lay no claim to the honored title of poet. In spite of all the pompous pretension to which we have alluded, no reader can peruse ten pages of the "Scriptural Anthology" without perceiving that the writer's head has neither many mansions, nor spacious. "Where there is a great ground-swell of language," says the sailor Carnaby, "there can be no great depth of ideas;" and we can call to mind no book whose style better answers to the admirable description by the same salt-water critic—"the ideas loom big-

ger than they are, like a fishing-boat in a fog"—than the "Anthology."

There is a characteristic presumption, such as might be anticipated, from the tenor of the foregoing remarks, in the choice by our poet, (poet by courtesy) of Scriptural subjects for embellishment and improvement, under the benign influence of his plastic intellect. The pure strains of moral pathos and sublime heart-touches of the sacred volume *needed* such a pen as that of Mr Brooks to set forth their spirit and beauty; and hence, apparently, all unconscious that he is inflicting bastard feeling, sickliness and weakness of sentiment, and bald and heavy prolixity upon his readers—our author, his eye in a fancied genuine frenzy rolling—labors successfully in transmuting refined gold into lead. But this is not all. Even in the supererogatory task of re-painting the matchless and vivid pictures of Holy Writ, he does not always depend upon himself; but, filching a striking thought here and there from genuine poets, he mixes it up with enough of his own "improvements" to disguise its paternity and make it ridiculous, and then palms it upon the reader as original. Take, for instance, the "electro-magnetic" lines, cited by our contemporary of the Knickerbocker:

"And now the patriarch beheld, far off,
The place appointed. *Then the electric flash*
Of anguish ran, like lightning, down the wires
Of strong paternal feeling!"

We marvel that the editor of the Knickerbocker did not perceive that this was just such a case as we have alluded to. The idea here disguised, is stolen from these lines of a true poet, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq.:

———"flash electric
Trembles down the wire of chainless passion."

There are dozens of other instances, in addition to those mentioned by the Knickerbocker, had we time and room to specify them, wherein Mr. Brooks has diluted others' meanings by a process of very clumsy distillation.

Lest we should be thought to convey an erroneous impression of the extent to which Mr. Brooks has rendered portions of the Bible poetical, we proceed to "summarize" a few specimens—asking, meanwhile, the reader's especial attention to our "string of pearls."

In the "Destruction of Sodom," that sublime scene of Holy Writ, our author shines. Then it was, that

"The clouds shook from their ebon plumes
Dew-drops of flame, and doleful lightning rained;
Its lurid hail!"

What time went down

"The *flaming* city, with its *blazing* towers,
To *endless* Tophet!"

leaving a waste,

"Whose *turbid* waters, like the *troubled* breasts
Of its *rile* denizens, that *ceaseless* stirred
The sediments of sin, pollute the shores
With darkness and the *lurid filth* of pitch!"

Belshazzar's Feast is, after all, susceptible, it should seem, of being made quite a scene. The poet gives us to see how

———"on the opponent wall
Came forth the fingers of a giant hand,
And wrote upon the solid, stuccoed wall,
Tekel! thy soul is weighed, and *wanting found*!"

Great improvement is effected with the passage in which Belshazzar is described as being suddenly turned out to grass:

"——With the wild mountain ass
He made his lair, and on the grassy plain
Browsed with the oxen; and the *vocal dell*
Rang with their lowings!"

There is great power and felicity of language, with nothing of tautology, in the scene wherein Samson, with a "forehead like a tall oak reared!" pulls "Philistia's hall" down over his head, by taking hold of the two middle pillars thereof; when

"Anon the columns *move*, they *shake*,
Totter, and *vacillate*, and *quake*!"

How much more poetical than the original, too, is the improved "Prodigal Son!" He thinks of his father's house, and of the things around it, including "the rill whose *purlings* had amused his youth," and exclaims:

"——I will arise and go
Unto my father, and my guilt confess!"

In minute description, our *barā* is very powerful. He belongs to the "catalogue school," and omits nothing. In depicting the furniture of Belshazzar's apartment, he tells us, that among other things there were "gold-specked porcelain" dishes, and "gods of gold, of silver, iron, brass, and wood, and stone;" and if he could have added, "of pewter and of putty," doubtless he would have done so, if it were necessary to help out a line. In "Decay," he informs us that Rome, with a long list of particulars, is now occupied "by the newt, the lizard, and the toad," and also "the owl;" and moreover, that in due time the ocean shall be "mowed down by the scythe of Time" and that the *head* of the "earth herself" shall "grow hoary, and her features pale:"

"Her decomposed limbs to ashes turn,
And be laid in the macrocosm's urn!"

We cannot choose but admire, in an especial manner, the sanguinary minutiae which distinguish Mr. Brooks's conceptions. He is pre-eminent upon such themes as "the tears of childless mothers," the "smoking blood of murdered sucklings," and chains "festered on the hands" of the apostles. Here follow a few lines from the "Destruction of Jerusalem," when "Faction, with torch infernal, lit Anarchy's hellish fires:"

"Dire Discord flapped her wings, dripping with blood;
Mad Murder raged. In their paternal halls
Children were slaughtered in their parents' view,
Parents, before their children; and the steel,
Steeped in the life-fount of the bridegroom's breast,
Sluiced, with its crimson rain, the bride's white robe."

* * * *

"The Pestilence, from between her livid lips,
Blew poison; and the atmosphere was death;
Gaunt Famine raised her pale and spectral form,
And Hunger, with her sharp and skeleton claws,
Tore the pained vitals of all things that breathed.
Whole families fell by fasting—faint arose
The cry for bread, from children, as their tongues
Cleaved to their husky palate; sucklings cooled
Their burning lips in their dead mothers' blood;
Parents the morsel from their offspring wrenched,
And mothers tore the delicate infant limbs
Their wombs had borne, and gorged themselves thereon!"

But enough, more than enough. To go on, would only present a similar level of inflated or insipid uniformity, in which the extremes of sense and nonsense, sometimes ludicrously tacked together, are all that serve to divert the reader's attention, and repay his perseverance and wearisome research.

The Tourist in Europe, &c. &c. Wiley and Putnam, New-York.

WE have just space enough left, in which to commend this excellent, unpretending little volume. It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. George Putnam, a partner in the publishing house by which it was issued. It is a highly creditable production. The letters are written in an off-hand, easy, and amusing style, which, without evincing any attempt at display, shows that the author was willing to draw freely upon his resources for the gratification of the reader. It is a most valuable guide-book for travellers, and to such we recommend it, as well to those who may be disposed to live over again in imagination the time of their sojournings abroad.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[Prepared for the American Monthly Magazine by Mr. George Putnam, of the house of Wiley & Putnam, Publishers, 161 Broadway.]

I. LIST OF AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS,

From January 1 to March 15.

N. B. Those works marked thus (a) are American and *original*;
The others are reprints of Foreign works.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

- (a) MAHAN. An Elementary Treatise on Civil Engineering.
By D. H. Mahan, Prof. of Mil. and Civil Engineering in
the U. S. Mil. Acad. West Point. Second edition, revised
and improved. 8vo. pp. 310. with plates. New-York :
Wiley & Putnam.
- SIMMS. A Treatise on the Principal Mathematical Instru-
ments employed in Surveying, Levelling, and Astronomy :
embracing their construction, adjustments and use. With
Tables. By F. W. Simms, Assistant at the Royal Observa-
tory, Greenwich. Revised, with additions, by T. H.
Alexander, Civil Engineer. 8vo. pp. 127. Baltimore : F.
Lucas, Jun.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- JAMES. Lives of Cardinal De Retz, Jean Baptiste Colbert,
John De Witt, and the Marquis de Louvois. By G. R. P.
James, Esq., author of Richelieu, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.
Philad. Carey, Lea & Co.
- LOCKHART. Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
By J. G. Lockhart. Parts I to VI. 8vo. Philad. Carey,
Lea & Co.
- *idem.*—Vols. I to VI. 12mo. Philad. Carey,
Lea & Co.
- *idem.*—Vols. I to V. 12mo. Boston : Otis,
Broaders & Co.
- PRESCOTT. (See History.)
- VOL. XI.

EDUCATION.

- (a) **BRADFORD.** *The Wonders of the Heavens, or a Popular View of Astronomy, including a full illustration of the Mechanism of the Heavens ; embracing the Sun, Moon, and Stars ; with descriptions of the Planets, Comets, Fixed Stars, Meteors, &c. &c., with Engravings and Maps.* By Duncan Bradford. 4to. Boston : American Stationers' Co.
- (a) **FOSTER.** *Education Reform ; or, a Review of Wyse on the Necessity of a National System of Education.* By B. F. Foster. 8vo. pp. 112. New-York : Wiley & Putnam.
- a) **NORDHEIMER.** *A Critical Grammar of the Hebrew Language.* By Isaac Nordheimer, Doct. in Philos. of the Univ. of Munich ; Prof. of Arabic, Syriac, and other Orient. Languages ; and Acting Prof. of Hebrew in the Univ. of New-York. In 2 vols. vol. I. 8vo. Wiley & Putnam : New-York.
- (a) **SIGOURNEY.** *The Girls' Reading Book ; in Prose and Poetry. For Schools.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 18mo. pp. 242. N. York : J Orville Taylor.
- SURRENNE.** *A New French Manual : comprising a Guide to French Pronunciation ; a copious Vocabulary ; a selection of Phrases ; a series of Conversations on the Curiosities of Paris, and during Various Tours in Europe ; Models of Letters, etc. etc. Designed as an attractive Class Book for Students.* By Gabriel Surrenne, French Teacher to the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, Edinburgh. From the 4th Edinburgh edition, revised and enlarged by A. Pestiaux, Prof. of French Lang., N. York : 18mo. Wiley and Putnam.
- (a) **A Scripture Text Book ; comprising a Concise View of the Evidences and Design of Divine Revelation, of the leading Events and Doctrines of the Bible, and of the Consistency and Harmony of its parts. Designed for Bible Classes and Schools.** By a Teacher. 12mo. N. York : Wiley & Putnam.

HISTORY.

- CARLYLE.** *A History of the French Revolution.* By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston : C. C. Little & Co.
- History of Rome.* From the German of Schlosser, Wachsmuth, Heeren, &c. 8vo. pp. 495. Philad. Carey, Lea & Co. [This work was translated for Lardner's Cyclopaedia.]

- (a) **PRESCOTT.** A History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By W. H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. Boston : Amer. Stationers' Co.
- ST. REAL.** Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice in 1618. Translated from the French of the Abbé St. Real. 18mo. pp. 166. Boston : Otis, Broaders & Co.

JUVENILE.

- (a) A Blossom in the Desert, or a Tale of the West. N. York : Schofield & Voorhies.
- (a) The Stage Coach. A Tale founded on fact. 18mo. Boston : Whipple & Damrell.
- (a) The Teacher's Present for Sunday Scholars. 18mo. Boston : Weeks, Jordan & Co.
- (a) The Story of Grace, the little Sufferer, who died in N. York Sept. 1837. 18mo. J. S. Taylor.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

- (a) **HOLMES.** Boylston Prize Dissertations, for the Years 1836 and 1837. [Intermittent Fever in New England; Neuralgia; Direct Exploration.] By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. 8vo. pp. 371. Boston : C. C. Little & Co.
- LISTON.** Elements of Surgery. By Robert Liston, Fellow of Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, &c. 8vo. Philad. Carey & Hart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ANON.** The Discussion : or the Character, Education, Prerogatives and Moral Influence of Woman. 12mo. pp. 288. Boston : C. C. Little & Co.
- The Great Metropolis. Second Series. By the author of Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons. 2 vols. 12mo. Philad. : Carey & Hart.
- (a) ——— Sketches of a New England Village in the last Century. 18mo. Boston : J. Munroe & Co.
- Specimens of Foreign Literature. 8vo. Boston : C. C. Little & Co.
- (a) ——— Temperance Tales. 5 vols. 18mo. Boston : Whipple & Damrell.
- (a) **BENTON AND BARRY.** A Statistical View of the number of Sheep in the several towns and counties in the United States, and an account of the principal Woollen Manufac-

- tories, etc. etc. Compiled by C. Benton and S. F. Barry. 18mo. New-York : Wiley & Putnam.
- (a) CAREY. Principles of Political Economy. Part First—of the Laws of the Production and Distribution of Wealth. By H. C. Carey, author of An Essay on the Rate of Wages. 8vo. pp. 342. Philad. : Carey, Lea & Co.
- DICK. Celestial Scenery—or the Wonders of the Planetary System displayed ; illustrating the Perfections of Deity and the Plurality of Worlds. By Thomas Dick, L. L. D., author of the Christian Philosopher. (Forming vol. 83 of the Family Library.) 18mo. New-York : Harper & Brothers.
- (a) GILMAN. Recollections of a Southern Matron. By Caroline Gilman, author of Recollections of a New England House-keeper. 12mo. pp. 272. New-York : Harper & Brothers.
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- American edition. Philad.: Carey & Hart.
- *Idem.* Published in parts. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.
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Of the above 31 are American works.
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WORKS IN PRESS, OR IN PREPARATION.

- Mrs. Jameson, authoress of 'The Characteristics of Women,' &c., has recently returned to England, and is about to publish a couple of volumes, entitled "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles." They will be in some sort a continuation of her 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' introducing notices of works of art in this country as well as in Europe; with a Journal of her Residence in Canada, Excursions among the Indians, &c. Mrs. Jameson is one of the most graceful and elegant female writers of the age, and this new work is likely to be her most popular one.
- Mr. Cooper's new novel, 'Homeward Bound,' and his Gleanings in Italy, are nearly ready.
- Dr. Wilbur Fisk's Travels in Europe.

II. BRITISH PUBLICATIONS TO THE LATEST DATES.

[Those marked thus (*) have been or are to be reprinted in the United States. Those thus marked (a) are American works.]

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- Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans*. By Miss Sheridan.
- Imaginary Conversations between a Phrenologist and the Shade of Dugald Stewart*.
- The Wonders of Geology : with Engravings by Martin : from the Geological Discoveries of Dr. Mantell.
- A Treatise on Music. By G. F. Graham. 4to. with plates.
- A new edition of Southey's Poetical works, in monthly duodecimos, is in the course of publication.

The following were nearly ready on the 1st January :—

- The Life, Journal, and Correspondence of William Wilberforce. By his Sons. 4 vols. post 8vo. Murray. [These volumes will of course embrace a very extensive correspondence with the most conspicuous men of the age.]
- The manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians ; including their private life, government, laws, arts, manufactures, religion, and early history, derived from a comparison of the paintings, sculptures, and monuments still existing, with the accounts of Ancient Authors. By J. G. Wilkinson, F. R. S. With 400 plates from drawings made by the author during 12 years' residence in Egypt. 3 vols. 8vo.
- Travels in the Panjab, Ladakh, Kashmir, &c. By Messrs. Moorcroft and Trebeck. In two vols. 8vo. plates.
- Travels in Arabia, in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai and along

the shores of the Red Sea. By Lieut. Wellsted, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. With maps and plates.

On the state of Education in Holland, as regards Schools for Working Classes, and for the Poor. By M. Victor Cousin, Peer of France. Translated with preliminary observations on the necessity of Legislative measures to extend and improve Education among the working classes in Great Britain. By Leonard Homer, Esq. F. R. S.

Historical Essay on the Real Causes which led to the British Revolution of 1688. By R. P. Ward, Esq.

A Narrative of the Residences of the Persian Princes in London, in 1835-6, with their journey to Persia and subsequent Adventures. By J. B. Frazer, Esq., author of a History of Persia, &c.

"Considerable Sensation" as the phrase goes, was created in London by the publication of a couple of gossiping volumes, entitled 'Memoirs of the Court and Times of George IVth,' being the Diary of an Inmate of the Royal Family.

Among other American works recently reprinted in London, is Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, which receives merited praise from the critics as a most 'remarkable and important work,' 'without which no historical library can be complete.' Mrs. Farrar's Young Lady's Friend has passed through two or three editions. Several American works on Philology and Biblical Literature are acknowledged in England to be the best of their kind. Of such are Stuart's Hebrew Grammar and Upham's translation of Jahn's Archæology, reprinted by Talboys, Oxford; Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the Testament, by Clark, of Edinburgh; Leverett's Latin Lexicon, &c. &c. Prof. Nordheimer's new Hebrew Grammar is also to be published by Talboys.

III.—THE CONTINENT.

The Foreign Quarterly gives a list of 195 new books published on the Continent during 3 months ending Dec. 1838: classed as follows:

Metaphysics and Education,	9.	Poetry and the Drama,	20.
Mathematics, Chemistry,	9.	Novels and Romances,	36.
Natural Sciences,	21.	Classical Literature,	10.
History, Biography, Travels,	32.	Miscellaneous,	32.

The catalogue of books of the Leipzig Semi-annual Fair (Michaelmas) comprehends 3538 ; partly new works, partly new editions, produced by 551 publishers. Austria furnished 265 ; Prussia, 1018 ; Bavaria, 420 ; Saxony, 673 ; Hanover, 69 ; Wirtemberg, 278 ; Baden, 108.

We observe in the list a new work by *Prof. HEEREN*, the learned historian, on Political Theories, and on the Preservation of the Monarchial Principle in Modern Europe.

A work which promises to be of great value to the classical student is announced by Metzler of Stuttgard, called "Real-Encyclopædie de Classichen Alterthum Swissenschaft in alphabetischer ordnung. Editor Prof. Pauly ; contributors are among the most distinguished scholars in Germany.

The Hebrew and Chaldean Concordance to the Old Testament, by *DR. FURST*, has reached the fourth number. [The 1st. No. may be seen at Wiley & Putnam's, New-York.]

MR. FAUCHNITZ JR. of Leipsic, is re-publishing the select works of the Latin Fathers, edited by *Prof. GENSDORF*.

RETSCH's Illustrations of King Lear, being the fourth portion of his Shakspeare Sketches, is nearly ready.

The house of *COTTA*, Stuttgart, announces a new periodical to be called the *Deutsch Viertel Jahrsschrift*, or German Quarterly Review.

In Denmark there are 54 daily and weekly, and 30 monthly periodicals, all in the Danish language.

In the first half of the year 1837, according to the report of the Ministry of Public Instruction, 486 new books, including "an unusual number of original novels"(!) were published in Russia.

The immense and magnificent palace of Versailles is to be appropriated as a national historical museum. It already contains a large collection of paintings and sculptures.

It is said of *BOTTA*, the Italian historian, who died in August last, that 'shortly after the appearance of his History of Italy, 100,000 francs were offered him by an emissary of the Jesuits of Turin if he would re-write a portion of it containing some expressions against the disciples of Loyola, or alter it in such a manner as the interests of the Jesuits should require. Rejected.

Homer's Iliad has been translated into Bengalee.